





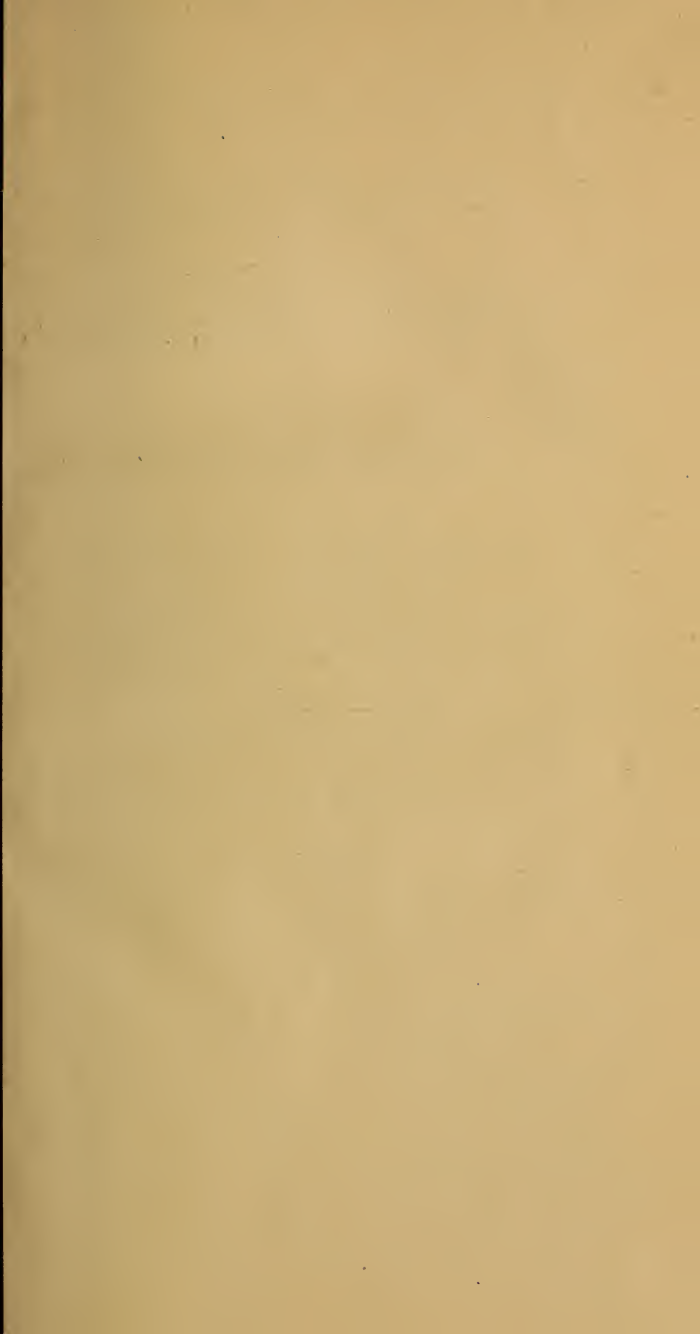
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Book B283

1818









13. *Barnabae, Richard*
"

Barnabæ Itinerarium,

OR

BARNABEE'S JOURNAL.

—
The Seventh Edition :

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

AN ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR,
NOW FIRST DISCOVERED ;

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL HISTORY OF THE
FORMER EDITIONS OF THE WORK ;

AND

ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

33
—
LONDON :

PRINTED FOR J. HARDING, ST. JAMES'S STREET,

BY R. AND A. TAYLOR, SHOE-LANE.

—
1818.



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Introduction.

OF THE FIRST EDITION.

THE first edition of BARNABEE'S JOURNALL forms a small square volume, without date, having a single stanza on each page, with a printer's ornament at top and bottom, the sheets folded in eights, and ending with signature E e complete. Although a perfect copy is rarely seen, yet a more minute description may here be omitted, as it is now reprinted according to the original arrangement, with the Titles and the Text given unmutilated. The Frontispiece by Marshall, the only embellishment in the first edition, is also re-engraved as a fac-simile.

OF THE SECOND EDITION.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England. In Latin and English Verse. Wittily and Merrily (tho' near one hundred years ago) compos'd; found among some old musty books, that had a long time lain by in a Corner; and now at last made publick. To which is added, Bessy Bell.

Hic est quem quæris, ille quem requiris,

Toto notus in orbe Britannus.

HOR.

Barnabas Ebrius.

London: for S. Illidge, under Searle's Gate Lincolns-Inn New-Square: and sold by S. Ballard in Little-Britain, J. Graves in St. James's-Street, and J. Walthoe over-against the Royal Exchange. 1716. Small Octavo, 83 leaves.

Such was the title fabricated for this entertaining Itinerary on its first re-appearance. Whether it was the happy thought of the editor, or suggested by a not less interested person, the publisher, who might conjecture a title more popular was required than that of a mere ‘Journal,’ (however in the forefront it was said ‘*Viatoris solatio*—for the Traveller’s solace’) it is now immaterial to inquire; but it may be observed that in the social tours of our Author, although he never travels any great distance without halting and making some entry in his Journal to record a good sign or a pleasing hostess, there are fewer records of absolute inebriety than might be expected from his convivial manners and general bibacity. ‘*Drunken Barnaby*’ was the burthen of a ballad published many years before, and a term sufficiently popular to cause this alteration of title, which

is only worth noticing, to prove that an ill name lasts forever, and to observe that hence our hero Barnabee is so universally known as a Drunkard, and remains so very little known as a Journalist, that a reader may expect on beholding the original title he is going to be introduced to a stranger instead of a very old acquaintance.

The merit of this edition may be easily appreciated by considering the omissions, variations, and additions. And from examining these points it seems impossible to doubt as fact, that the editor did not possess a perfect copy of the first edition, to which circumstance may be attributed similar omissions in the four subsequent ones. But to the analysis :

OMISSIONS. The titles before each of the four parts *. The lines at p. 5 and 7 *. *Ad*

* The titles and lines at p. 7 and the other asterisks also omitted in the later edition,

Translatorem and To the Translator p. 8 and 9. The lines p. 178—9 *. *Ad Philoxenum* and To Philoxenus p. 182—3. Prose address to Reader p. 194 * and Errata p. 195 *.

VARIATIONS. The frontispiece reversed from right to left; on the label from the pipe ‘*sic transit,*’ &c.; on that from the roll of tobacco upon the table ‘*fumus et umbra sumus:*’ the parcel bound across with a string has in the four divisions ‘*Ede-Bibe-Sta-Lude;*’ the empty pot is left without inscription, and the label at the top of the plate has only ‘*Barnabæ Itinerarium.*’

The text was modernized throughout, and in many instances altered, as appears by the following collation.

P. 12, 13.

Barnabæ Harringtoni & nunc & dudum decantati
Itinerarium Boream quater retroversus.

The famous Barnaby Harrington’s Travels to the
North, four times backward and forward.

P. 13. st. 1, l. 1.

O little Faustus, stretch.

l. 4.

Let rich wine advance thy colour.

l. 6.

——thou'lt be wiser.

st. 2, l. 1.

Little Faustus.

P. 15. st. 1, l. 3.

In the bakehouse.

st. 2, l. 2.

Taking farewell of the Southward.

st. 3, l. 1—2.

To Oxford came I, whose companion
Is Minerva, Well Platonian.

l. 3.

From whose.

l. 6.

The Horn at Queen's speaks pure Athenian.

P. 17. st. 2, l. 3—4.

No more of that, it is above me,
I found a tender housewife that did love me.

l. 6.

Than thousand Rosamonds a dying.

P. 19. st. 2, l. 2—3.

Where strong ale my brains did pester;
First night be sure.

st. 3, l. 5—6.

——wanton mad one,
Who her hog was set astride on.

P. 21. st. 2, l. 3.

——a nak'd compact.

P. 23. l. 1.

Town and her I left both, doubtful.

st. 2, l. 3.

Where induc'd by Host's example.

l. 6.

With his red nose tipt most bravely.

P. 25. st. 1, l. 6.

That the pulpit.

P. 27. st. 1, l. 1.

——I came.

st. 2, l. 4—5.

Till on bridge I broke my forehead,
Whence asham'd, while forehead smarted.

st. 3, l. 5.

That on earth.

P. 29. st. 1, l. 4—6.

Yet of liquor very greedy.
Had they never——
Belly'd make their.

st. 2, l. 2—6.

To be punk unto a Captain,
I embrac'd, as I had got it,
But door creak'd, and Captain smoak'd it:
Took me by th' ears, and so drew me
Till head-long, &c.

P. 31. st. 2, l. 5.

This was the cause lest you should miss it.

st. 3, l. 3—6.

But could find not such a creature.
Yet on a sign——
Where strength of ale had so much stir'd me,
That I grew stouter far than Jordie.

P. 33. st. 1, l. 1—6.

Thence to Bradford, where I enter'd,
In Family where Love oft centur'd:
They love, are lov'd, and make no shew,
Yet still grow, and do encrease too:
Furnish'd with their spritely weapons,
She-flesh feels priests are no capons.

P. 33. st. 3, l. 3—4.

——as a traveller goes,
 ——and flows.

P. 35. st. 2, l. 1—2.

Thence to Ingleton, where I liv'd
 Till I brake a Blacksmith's head.

l. 5.

Whence astonish'd.

Note* l. 2.

Church under hill, the hill by waters bet.

P. 39. st. 1, l. 4—6.

I drank ale both thick and clammy.
 "Shroud thy head, boy, stretch thy hand too,
 Hand has done what head can't stand to."

P. 41. l. 5.

The long-snouted dilemma.

l. 6.

Bush doth need.

P. 45. st. 1, l. 1—2.

Young Fauste, happily returned,
 Tell me, prithee, where'st sojourned.

l. 4.

What seats, sights.

st. 2, l. 2.

——garments too.

- P. 47. st. 2, l. 2.
 Richer am not, nor yet poorer.
 l. 6.
 Neither healthier.
- P. 49. st. 2, l. 1.
 —feels its mæander.
 st. 3, l. 4.
 —beggars crowned.
- P. 51. st. 1, l. 6.
 When I walk'd my legs deny'd it.
 st. 2, l. 3—4.
 —the street,
 —to meet.
 st. 3, l. 5.
 —were there.
- P. 55. st. 2, l. 1.
 Thence to th' Cock.
 l. 6.
 By two porters well supported.
- P. 57. st. 1, l. 4.
 —till's brains were tainted.
- P. 59. st. 1, l. 6.
 Than meat changed to strong liquor.

- P. 61. st. 2, l. 2—6.
 _____ did I amble
 Down nasty cellar, wife inviting,
 All while cursed bear was biting:
 But the butcher having made
 The fire his bed, no more I staid.
 st. 3, l. 1—2.
 Thence to Meredin—
 Where grown foot-sore.
 Note * 1. 1.
 _____ trees, grass, and artichokes.
- P. 63. st. 2, l. 4—5.
 Thief nor bung-hole I ne'er fear'd:
 Though curmudgeons have.
- P. 65. st. 2, l. 1.
 _____ on Tuesday.
- P. 73. st. 3, l. 2—3.
 _____ Alderm'n-bury
 First arriv'd.
- P. 75. st. 2, l. 2.
 Oft the Cardinal's Hat do fly to,
 Where a Harts-Horns.
- P. 78. Note * omitted.
- P. 85. st. 1, l. 5.
 _____ that I shew'd.

- P. 89. Note *: On the.
- P. 93. st. 2, l. 6.
Restless wretch.
- P. 99. st. 3, l. 6.
——to his lodging.
- P. 107. st. 1, l. 1.
Hollowing aloud.
- P. 115. st. 3, l. 5.
——scrip caus'd me to fear him.
- P. 123. st. 2, l. 3.
One said, the match.
st. 3, l. 2.
A fair bridge, no flood appeared.
l. 6.
——be thought one of them.
- P. 125. st. 2, l. 6.
That his Betty.
- P. 131. st. 2, l. 3.
——and jant ones.
- P. 137. st. 3, l. 5.
I came, call'd, cull'd.
- P. 149. st. 1, l. 5.
——world has traced.

P. 155. st. 1, l. 2.

——private bushes.

Note, l. 5.

——money hurry thither.

P. 159. st. 3, l. 5.

Should this kephal die.

l. 6.

——in the sorrow.

P. 161. st. 1, l. 2—3.

To sell horses if they're dear there;

If they're cheap.

P. 163. st. 3, l. 2.

Worth the staying.

P. 167. st. 3, l. 2.

——they threw me.

P. 171. st. 2, l. 1.

——when springs come on.

l. 4.

Where we love.

(Live, as in the first ed. is undoubtedly a press error.)

P. 172. st. 1, l. 4.

Nescit hospes.

- P. 173. st. 1, l. 6.
Goose and hen.
- P. 181. st. 2, l. 1.
What tho' Breves too be made Longo's.
- P. 189. st. 3, l. 5.
——my count'nance merry.
- P. 191. st. 5, l. 1.
——who stars do excel.
- P. 193. st. 6, l. 5.
Thus I love thee.

· ADDITIONS. As an embellishment there was introduced a print of our hero taking leave of his host at the Inn door, at the sign of the Bell*, by having a stirrup glass: the hostess is just seen behind the Landlord; and the hostler attends the act of mounting on the off side of the horse. An Index was also added, and the following introductory matter; both of which have been repeated in the subsequent editions.

* Probably at Stone; see p. 56.

“THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

“IT will not, I hope, be thought unnecessary, if I lay before the reader my reason for republishing this facetious little book, after a delitescency of near a hundred years. Being desir'd by a gentlewoman to look over a parcel of old books, among 'em I chanc'd upon Drunken Barnaby, which reading gave me satisfaction for my trouble; whereupon I took a resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd as well as myself. What I can gather of the author is chiefly from himself; for he says, coming to a place call'd Harrington, he was well pleas'd with the omen, and spent some money there for name sake, so that I conclude his name was Barnaby Harrington. He further says, that after a tedious journey of about six miles a

day, and sometimes three or four, (very weary, and heavy laden,) he at last arriv'd at Apulby in Westmorland, where he was born; and where, if I mistake not, there are some remains of the family still living. That he was a graduate in Queen's College, Oxon, is plain, but I have not had an opportunity of knowing what degrees he took. 'Tis the man no doubt, of whom the song says,

Hey, Barnaby ! take't for a warning, &c.

He says, he afterwards (after four journeys backward and forward) married in the country, turn'd farmer; and frequented the horse-fairs all round the country, buying horses when cheap, and (like a true jockey) selling 'em when dear, upon which he is very pleasant. I thought fit to say thus much, and more I have not; only wish the Reader pleas'd as I was."

“EDITOR LECTORI.

“ QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc lepidissimum, legendo gaudebam, quod & tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni absque æra, absque nomine, vel Authoris, vel Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut ullo alio indicio possessorem ullum indicante; ergo statui mei juris esse, inque lucem emisi. De Authore quod certum est subjiciam: Ab amico meo doctissimo nunc præsule intellexi Authorem Barnabam Harrington fuisse, ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magistrum, aut saltem Membrum, Collegii Reginensis apud Oxonienses, quod innuit etiam Author sæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipse, Aballabæ Westmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua stirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic est

famosissimus ille de quo decantatum illud &
triturum apud vulgus cantillatur,

*Hey, Barnaby! take 't for a warning,
Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning.*

De libro nulla est necessitas addendi quid-
quam; facile perleges, & perlecto judicabis.
De versu, de metro, de erroribus neque est
quod addam; ipse enim Autor satis ludicre
in Errata libro præfixa seipsum vindicavit,
quum ait,

Quid si sedem muto sede?
Quid si carmen claudio pede?
Quid si noctem sensi diem?
Quid si veprem esse viam?
Sat est, verbum declinavi,
'Titubo, titubas, titubavi.'

“Vale & ride affatim, Lector.”

OF THE THIRD EDITION.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys, &c.
The Third Edition illustrated with several
new copper cuts. London printed for S.
Illidge, under Serle's Gate, Lincolns-Inn
New Square. 1723. Small 8vo. 102 leaves.

In this edition a title was placed before the first part, and the mottoes of all the titles given at the end of the fourth journey, before the ballad of Bessy Bell. It was printed from the text of the Second Edition with the following further variations.

P. 9.

l. 5.

——is a bold translator.

P. 19.

st. 3, l. 3.

Here a she bull.

P. 25.

st. 2, l. 6.

So among them.

- P. 27. st. 1, l. 6.
 ——purse was empty.
- P. 31. st. 2, l. 3.
 Who indeed is.
- P. 44. st. 1, l. 6.
 ——parvum boni.
- P. 59. st. 3, l. 5.
 ——for his default-a.
- P. 61. st. 3, l. 1.
 Thence to Meredin did steer I.
- P. 63. st. 1, l. 6.
 Black or blue.
- P. 65. st. 1, l. 1.
 ——where I tarry'd.
 l. 4.
 ——world turns round-a.
- P. 69. st. 1, l. 3.
 ——crowned with wreath of joy.
- P. 75. st. 1, l. 2.
 ——I am taken.
 st. 2, l. 3.
 Where at Harts-horn's.

P. 88. Note * 1. 3.

Regio quo.

P. 95. st. 3, 1. 2.

As I had drank nothing at all, Sir.

P. 109. 1. 1.

—were great and many.

st. 2, 1. 6.

—drink the pot up.

Note * 1. 1.

—must be call'd.

P. 111. st. 1, 1. 4.

—took an angle.

P. 117. st. 2, 1. 5.

—Venus rageth.

P. 133. st. 1, 1. 1.

—where I boused.

P. 141. 1. 2.

With both smoke.

P. 172. st. 3, 1. 6.

Tibiæ tamen concionem.

P. 175. st. 2, 1. 3.

Nought maketh them.

The 'new copper cuts' above announced consist of four prints, 'J. Clark sculp.' from subjects illustrative of each Journey; viz.

- I. The Puritan gibbeting the cat, see p. 15.
- II. Barnaby carried in state from the Cock at Budworth, p. 55.
- III. The voyage on the haycock from Wansforth briggs, p. 105.
- IV. Examining the horse without a tail, or, as the print represents, with a tail that comes off, p. 159.

The same frontispiece as in the prior edition, with a plate of the departure from the sign of the Bell, which is inscribed 'Bessy Bell,' and ingeniously altered by expunging the figures of host and hostess, and substituting that of a female only, without re-engraving the whole plate.

OF THE FOURTH EDITION.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys, &c.—
The fourth edition, illustrated with several
neat copper plates. London, printed by
W. Stuart, No. 67, Paternoster-Row.
 MDCCLXXVI *. Small Octavo, 102 leaves.

This was printed page for page from the third edition, with the five prints re-engraved, and subjects thereby reversed, and the frontispiece without any of the inscriptions. Upon collation, a few more deviations from the text may be added to those already noticed.

P. 14. st. 2, l. 6.

Quod Sabbatho.

P. 22. st. 1, l. 3.

Pater oppidanus.

* A new Title was afterwards substituted, dated
 MDCLXXVIII.

P. 40. st. 1, l. 3.

——frondi virent.

P. 49. l. 2.

Than old ale.

[misprint continued in 5th ed.]

P. 79. l. 11.

——learn my errors.

At the end of this volume there is usually appended '*Lucus Chevinus*—Chevy Chase,' separately paged and alternately Latin and English, extending to sixteen leaves. This translation is modern and anonymous,

OF THE FIFTH EDITION.

Drunken Barnaby's Four Journeys to the North of England. London: printed for J. Harding, No. 36, St. James's Street. 1805. Large and small Octavo, 98 leaves.

Embellished with seven new vignettes and tail pieces. The text that of the preceding edition, with some further occasional variations where the English text was supposed imperfect, or too obscure to be generally comprehended.

P. 8.

l. 8.

At hic translator.

P. 33.

st. 2, l. 2.

——living fountains.

P. 35.

st. 1, l. 2—3.

——was the common cryer

To a breakfast of one herring.

st. 2.

Some time at Ingleton I led,
 Until I broke the Blacksmith's head;
 At which enrag'd, with showers of stones
 The women strove to break my bones;
 So fearing an unlucky thump,
 I stole a march, and turn'd my rump.

P. 40. l. 4.

Barnabæ nasum.

P. 45: st. 2, l. 1.

——same am I now.

P. 59. st. 1, l. 2.

Mine hostess.

st. 2, l. 6.

——wet till the morrow.

P. 71. st. 1, l. 6.

Made me, a me.

P. 73. st. 3, l. 2.

———Aldermanbury.

P. 92. st. 2, l. 1.

———ubi seges.

P. 119. Note † l. 2.

———sleeps but sloth.

P. 127. st. 3, l. 6.

———as I did behove me.

P. 139. st. 2, l. 2.

But handsomeness.

P. 149. st. 3, l. 4—5.

————— and Chester,

————— and Mansfield.

P. 151. st. 1, l. 5.

————— and Budworth.

P. 187. l. 3.

————— in cellar dwell.

The following valuable Advertisement was prefixed, which collects much conjectural and other matter relative to the supposed author and his Journal.

“ ADVERTISEMENT.

“ A NEW edition of Drunken Barnaby’s Journal, in Latin and English rhyme, having been long a desideratum in the literary world, the Publisher thought it would be deserving well of such as had a taste for wit and learning, to extend the acquaintance of a festive bard, who has delighted all to whom he has been known.

“ A Frenchman has written a volume,

concerning authors who had published works under fictitious names. The facetious author of ‘Travels to the North, four times backward and forward,’ might perhaps be enrolled in the number; for there is reason to believe Barnaby Harrington to be a denomination void and vain.

“Various motives, good and bad, induce authors to conceal themselves from the public. Out of a capricious haughtiness, Swift rarely avowed any of his productions: and Voltaire, from regard to his personal repose, disavowed many of his, with an earnestness not very consistent with the principles of truth. But the motives to concealment, whatever they may be, have force only for a time; the pride and fascination of authorship usually prevail in the end with every attractive writer to lay claim to the laurels of literature. This however is not invariably the case; whether from fortuitous circumstances, or peculiarity of

disposition, there are several celebrated productions of which the authors remain inscrutable to curiosity. The famous Barnaby Harrington's Travels is perhaps to be one instance of the kind.

“On the perusal of a performance possessing so much merit, as well as eccentricity, a strong desire is excited to know what the author was, when he lived, and when he wrote. Some notices are contained in his own pages; they give us to understand, that his name was Harrington; that he was born at Appleby; that he married at Darlington; and at last settled in the North, as a dealer in horses and cattle. But who can say whether these particulars are real or imaginary? Upon a reference to many sources of information, no proof of them can be found.

“Barnaby's Travels are sometimes quoted in books; in Gent's History of York; in

Boucher's *Biographia Cumberlandiæ*; in Hutchinson's History of Durham, &c. &c. and they have obtained so much regard, that several copies are extant with manuscript comments. Hitherto, however, no biographical account of him has been given; the real has not been distinguished from the assumed character of the writer. The editor of the second edition of the work calls him a graduate of Queen's College, Oxford; an assertion not corroborated by the author; nor is his name to be found in the lists of Oxford or Cambridge graduates. A manuscript memorandum states him to have been a Schoolmaster in Yorkshire; but without assigning any authority. Barnaby gives no intimation himself of his vocation or business, until, in his last journey, he becomes horse-dealer. It would be difficult to decide how far his Journal is a faithful relation: it seems alike im-

probable, that he should have feigned the whole, or that a man of such powers of intellect as he displays, should be engaged in the manner he represents himself, in perpetual inebriation with low associates. These courses militate against the tenor of an address to the reader, prefixed to the first edition; and which being afterwards omitted, we shall here introduce.

“ ‘ Good reader, if this impression have errors in it, excuse it ; the copy was obscure, neither was the author, by reason of his distance, and employments of higher consequence, made acquainted with the publishing of it.

*His Patavinus erravit prelis,
Authorem suis lacerando telis.
Philander.’*

“ Fiction may be supposed to have some share in Barnaby’s descriptions; probably a

large share. Having invested himself with a poetical character, it may be presumed that he both fabricated and adapted incidents to suit it, like other dealers in poetry. A song, such as the perusal of his *Travels* might suggest, was composed, and is cited by one of his editors ; but as only a single couplet of it has been given, we shall gratify the curious with two more.

‘ Barnaby, Barnaby, thou’st been drinking,
 I can tell by thy nose and thy eyes winking.
 Drunk at Richmond, drunk at Dover,
 Drunk at Newcastle, and drunk all over.
 Hey, Barnaby! take’t for a warning,
 Be no more drunk nor dry in a morning*.’

* From the very obliging communication of Thomas Park, Esq. whose stores of varied and extensive information are rendered the more valuable, because accompanied by a disposition most liberally communicative.

“ This song was considered as a curiosity by the late Mr. Ritson, having been recovered from the recollection of his mother, a north-country woman. Barnaby was a great favourite with Mr. R.; and he regarded him rather as a real than a fictitious character.

“ The period of Barnaby’s living and writing, though not ascertained with preciseness, is not so much obscured from view as his person. Several circumstances concur to manifest, that it was in the early part of the seventeenth century.

“ The original edition of the Travels has no date; is of very diminutive size; and has the appearance of being printed about the middle of that century. It has a frontispiece engraved by W. Marshall, who flourished from 1635 to 1650.

“ In 1716 was printed the next edition, which, instead of an address to the reader, that accompanied the former, substituted the

Latin address, *Editor Lectori*, with an English Advertisement, and also an Index*. The period of republication seems to have been too remote for the editor to gain much knowledge of the author. Accordingly, he gives no information respecting Barnaby, in addition to what his own pages supply, except that of calling him ‘a Graduate of Oxford;’ which, upon examination, has proved to be an unfounded report.

“A third edition in 1723, with some trifling alteration; and a fourth was printed in 1774, with no variation from the preceding.

“With respect to time, there is internal evidence; Barnaby mentions Middleton, as enriched by the New River.

Amnes lenem dantes sonum,

Qui ditarunt Middletonum. p. 90.

[* A slight transposition has been made in this passage of the Advertisement, for the purpose of stating the edition correctly.]

“ This allusion could be strictly applicable only in the early stage of the project for conveying the stream from Amwell to London, undertaken by Sir Hugh Middleton in 1613, when riches were doubtless expected from it; but not afterwards, when it had exhausted his wealth, unless ironically. The allusion at any rate shows, that the undertaking was recent.

“ On passing through Wansforth Briggs, Barnaby mentions an inscription, common in the early part of the seventeenth century, on account of the plague which then frequently infested different parts of England.

*Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans ‘ Miserere mei,’
Atriis, angulis confestim,
Evitandi curâ pestem,
Fugi.*

p. 104.

“ He observes that Pomfret had been a place very sinister to English princes*,

Veni Pomfret, ubi miram

Arcem, Anglis regibus diram. p. 120.

and is so filled with the idea, as to continue the observation in a note, with a sort of prediction of the fate of S :: :: :

Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,

Hoc titulo fatum cerne S :: :: :: tuum.

ibid.

“ If this S :: :: :: is rendered *Stuart*, for which it seems to be meant, it will fix the date of Barnaby’s travelling or writing to the period of the civil wars.

“ Barnaby mentions a piper (p. 125) who recovered his vital functions after being

* Richard II. and two of Edward the Fifth’s uncles were murdered in Pomfret (Pontefract) Castle.

hanged at York; calling himself a witness to the truth of this extraordinary incident, which happened in the year 1634. The story is thus told in Gent's History of York, 1730, p. 223.

“ ‘ This year (1634) one John Bartendale was executed at York gallows for felony. When he had hung three quarters of an hour, he was cut down and buried near the place of execution. A little after, a gentleman, of the ancient family of the Vavasours, of Hesselwood, riding by, thought he saw the earth move; upon which, ordering his man to alight, and alighting himself, both of them charitably assisted to throw by the mould, and to help the buried convict from his grave; who, being conveyed again to York Castle, was, by the same gentleman's intercession, reprieved till the next assizes, and then pardoned by the Judge, who seemed

amazed at so signal a providence. And this puts me in mind, that the said Bartendale was a piper, taken notice of by Barnaby, in his book of travels into the northern parts.

“ ‘ I have been told the poor fellow turned hostler, and lived very honestly afterwards. Having been demanded, what he could tell in relation to hanging, as having experienced it, he replied, That when he was turned off flashes of fire seemed to dart from his eyes, from which he fell into a state of darkness and insensibility, &c.’ ”

“ Barnaby tells us of his giving alms to a beggar at Harrington.

Harringtoni dedi nummum. p. 96.

“ A Harrington was a town piece, tradesman’s token, or other small coin current in the early part of the seventeenth century. It is frequently mentioned by Ben Jonson, as

in *The Devil is an Ass*—‘I will not bate a Harrington o’ the sum*.’

“This, after much labour of investigation, which it would wear the appearance of affectation to detail, is all we have discovered concerning the singular performance which has for its adumbrated author, Barnaby Harrington; and for a great part of this we are under obligations to literary persons, whose readiness of communication claims our best acknowledgments, while their eminence for-

[* The late Mr. Ritson had a manuscript note to the above effect.

This passage seems to have no further meaning than that Barnaby having arrived at Harrington with a Harrington town-piece in his possession, he gave it to a beggar, though he had need of it himself, from the love he bore to the name, or for the sake of the quibble. P.

It is as if a man writing a humorous journey should say, “Arriving at Tilbury-fort, I gave a beggar a Tilbury (sixpence) for the name’s sake.” A.]

bids us to name them on an occasion which might be deemed too trivial. Further notices of the author may possibly exist in books out of the common track of reading; and we solicit the favour of information, addressed to the publisher, from those who may be able to communicate any towards bringing him to light.

“Barnaby Harrington, whoever he was, is entitled to the kindness of the world, for the entertainment he affords. His humour, his gaiety, and his learning, give him no mean rank amongst authors.

“It has been observed, that poetry is not a little indebted to geography and topography; which, besides numerous incidental descriptions, have furnished materials for many entire poems. Ausonius has employed his muse to celebrate the considerable towns of his country. Rutilius has left an elegant

itinerary in verse of which we regret the mutilation. Drayton has voluminously versified the whole topography of the British island. Regnard has narrated in alternations of prose and rhyme, a Journey to Provence; a very pleasing effusion of spriteliness. Gay has exercised his humourous and poetical vein in the detail of a Journey to Exeter: and Prior has displayed his facetious talent in the recital of his Excursion to Down. Barnaby Harrington, in the relation of his Travels, is inferior to none in vivacity, in wit, or in erudition. Many ingenious and learned allusions are interspersed. If he lived as a drunkard, he thought at least as a scholar. He shows himself acquainted with the history, antiquities, and customs of every place he visits; and exhibits so much acuteness of remark and keenness of satire, that he is evidently, *sub personâ*, a drunkard merely in masquerade.

“It would be a great injustice to Barnaby to form any estimate of his merits from the English version, which is upon the whole unworthy of the Latin text, though it has some passages that give pleasure. From the disparity of the Latin and English, we are inclined to believe that Barnaby had no share in the composition of the latter; which, yet we dare not venture to assert; recollecting that the English verse of May is justly condemned to oblivion for its meanness, ruggedness, and obscurity, while he shines a poet of supreme excellence in Latin. It is observable, that the English version of the original edition of Barnaby differs in various places from the subsequent editions.

“The first edition of this work contained a frontispiece only; a plate was added in the second edition, and in the third edition of 1723, four plates were introduced; but as none of these are materially connected with

the work, nor possess any particular merit, either of design or execution, they have been superseded by seven new vignettes."

"April, 1805."

OF THE SIXTH EDITION.

Same title, 1805.

In this edition by the interference of a literary character, who supplied a partial collation, there was for the first time an attempt made towards restoring the genuine text, which was announced by the following note at the end of the preceding Advertisement.

“THE rapid sale of a considerable impression of this Journal in the short period of a few weeks, affords the editor an opportunity of presenting a new edition, improved by collation with the earlier copies.

“September, 1805.”

OF THE PRESENT EDITION.



It has been already noticed, that the text of the first edition is carefully restored in the present, as the best authority; and the original arrangement also preserved. The Index is retained and enlarged; and the preliminary matter given from the later editions: with which also this has been collated.

Some information may be expected as to any effect which the request, forming part of the Advertisement to the fifth edition*, has had; and what communications have been made, either as a clue to trace the author, or on the subject of his journal. Eleven years have now elapsed, since that request was made public with all the advantage that might be

* See p. 44.

expected to arise from a very rapid dispersion of two large impressions of the work ; yet no information has been the consequence. Upon such an inquiry there is seldom a parsimonious withholding of intelligence ; nor can there be any reason, in the present instance, for impeaching the liberal system so uniformly promoted by those, who duly appreciate inquiries on literary subjects when involved by time in obscurity. It may rather be inferred, that neither from research nor accident has any thing new been discovered.

Perhaps from the circumstance of this want of information, it may have arisen that a bold but shallow attempt, made in 1811, for the purpose of creating a temporary belief that in the posthumous volume of poems of William Bosworth, Gentleman, the author was discovered, has hitherto remained unexposed. However, as this announce-

ment was early known to be fabricated for a sinister purpose, a public confutation might, by the discussion, best have served to promote the object desired, by creating a demand for the re-engraved portrait of Bosworth*.

Enough, if not too much, has already grown out of conjecture; and nothing now remains to be added but some comments on the preceding pages, together with a few notes illustrative of the poem.

October 10th, 1817.

Thus far was transmitted to the printer, when an obscure passage in the Itinerary, occasioning a reference to a long neglected but

* See a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, Aug. 27, 1811, subscribed 'Francis Allison,' and a similar one in the *Gentleman's Mag.* vol. lxxxi. p. 2. p. 125.

once popular work, produced the satisfactory discovery of the identity of the author of that work with the writer of *Barnabee's Journal*.

As there are some conjectural points that have obtained from time almost the credence of truth, it will not be immaterial, before we announce the real author, to consider upon what ground those points were first brought forward as authorities.

The current appellation of *Barnaby Harrington* never had any probable foundation. The name of *Barnaby* taken from the original title page, and the burthen of an old festive ballad, is, with all the gravity of fact, unduly combined with, and made to precede, the word *Harrington*, a name of still baser coinage. Both these are the wilful misconception of the editor of the second edition. Can the stanza upon the town of Harrington, which is the sole authority for that designa-

tion, by any enlarged meaning be construed to imply more from the equivoque, than that our rambling humourist simply gave the beggar at Harrington a *Harrington* or town token? The real author says, on another occasion, "coine for stampe sake we allowe," alluding, undoubtedly, to such local tokens being in common circulation*. As such, this reputed name, certainly adopted from the need of a better, may be dropt just as it was taken up, without either care or consequence.

That the birth place of the author was Appleby is doubtful, though the distance therefrom was not so great as to make its assignation exceed the limits of the *licentia poetica*. The marriage, final settlement, and

* See also note p. 43, and Works of Ben Jonson, 1816, vol. v. p. 44, where the intelligent editor has given an account of the patent under which this coinage issued, and a fac-simile of one of the tokens.

some other incidents appear true events in the author's life. He was an Oxonian, but not educated at Queen's College; which must have been conjectured in consequence of the record of the horn of that college speaking "pure Athenian."

Were an outline to be sketched which might be presented as an unforced likeness of the author, would it not depict one born in Westmorland; with relatives residing in the county; having an University education; a well read scholar; loving horses; journeying occasionally; a strict loyalist; perhaps, for courtesy, a spendthrift, and in early life a libertine; certainly a married man; one who flourished under the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and also a moral writer and satirical poet of eminence?—Such a portrait may be easily drawn from the life, character, and writings of

RICHARD BRATHWAIT,

who was born about 1588, died 4 May 1673, and flourished, 1611—1665.

Difficult as it may often be to trace an anonymous work to its author, yet a voluminous writer can seldom so thoroughly disguise his style as not to be discovered; because, in him, as in an artist, continual labour creates the mannerist; and the common use of a set phrase forms, like the gray horse of Wouvermans, like the boors tippling of Teniers, or the animals of Snyders, direct evidence for appropriation. One of the peculiarities of Brathwait, of this description, is also found in the first edition of the Itinerary. Four pages have for a running title "*Upon the Errata's.*" Now what author of that period, except Brathwait, deviates from the custom of collecting all as 'Errata,' by a serious or humorous apology for the mistakes of the

press under this fixed title? But *Brathwait's* apologies contain further proof, as for example,—

“ Upon the Errata. Gentlemen (*humanum est errare*) to confirme which, &c.— know iudicious disposed Gentlemen, that the *intricacie of the copie, and the absence of the author from many important proofes* were occasion of these errors, *” &c.

Is not this the express apology made for *Barnabee's Journal*, that “ the *copy was obscure ; neither was the Author by reason of his distance and imployments of higher consequence* made acquainted with the publishing of it †.”? This coincidence was not likely to happen from chance, and allowing it might, we proceed :

In another work of *Brathwait* we have the following :

* Strappado for the Diuell, 1615.

† See p. 194.

“Upon the Errata. Howsoever, &c.—
 Truth is, Gentlemen, when you encounter
 with any Errors (as they are individuates to
 all labours) you are to impute the error *to*
the absence of the Author, whose affaires in
the countrey tooke him from cares of the
 city; or to explaine himselfe more fully, that
 he may come off fairely, and possesse him
 of your opinion more freely, he was called
 away from *Laurence Jury**, by the impannel
 of a *Northerne Jury*, and pressed to attend-
 ance by an *Old Bayliffe* of the countrey,
 when his occasion lay for the *presse* in the
Old Bayly neere the city. In a word had
 not a *Nisi prius* interposed, these errors by
 a *quest of inquiry* had beene prevented †.”

* This pun refers to the then distinct parish of
 St. Lawrence Jewry, in the ward of Cheap, since
 united to the parish of St. Mary Magdalen.

† English Gentleman, 1630.

This is given with all the playful humour of our *Barnabee*, who, it may be remarked, ends the second journey at the Griffin in the *Old Baily*, but on taking up winter quarters removes to the Three Cranes. See p. 72—5.

“Upon the Errata” occurs also in *Brathwait’s English Gentlewoman*, 1631, and again in his *Essays upon the Five Senses*, 1635.

Another instance of peculiarity is in the word *Tmolus*, see p. 179, also used by *Brathwait*.

Above the choicest odors that are sent
From spicie *Tmolus’* flowrie continent.

Nature’s Embassy, 1621, p. 184.

At Budworth we find our author *Barnabee*

“By two *poulterers* supported.” p. 55.

And *Brathwait* in the *Strappado for the Devil*, signature ¶, has

“Blow my Plump-fac’t *Poulterer* of Saffron hill.”

The proverb at p. 169 of *Barnabee*,

“Once a yeare laughs wise Apollo,”

may be found in *Brathwait’s English Gentleman*, p. 174, as

“Once in the year Apollo laughs.”

It would be more than scepticism, after these notices, though few in number, to believe the fourth journey not written by the author of the following description (in part) of a *Married Man*.

“He that is married, is a man of another world, he hath bid all good fellowship adue, and now plays the mouldwarpe; his study is the cure of horses, sheep, and cattell. He hath learned by this to man his wife to

church and market, keeping an equal distance upon pain of his wife's displeasure; he carries nothing with better grace or more willingness, than his wife's miffet, fisting-dog*, or fan. He is tide to his wife's presence, as one summoned to make his appearance. Hee goes with his knees like any baker, and may prove a good stalking horse for his restie pace," &c. *English Gentleman*, p. 471.

Numerous passages might be adduced as confirming the present appropriation of authorship, and several will be found in the notes, as well as incidental facts preserved in the following sketch of the life of the Author.

* A Gentleman Usher "carries his ladie's miffet, most gracefully, which she loves so tenderly, as she is ever putting him in mind of his charge: Prey thee, Puny, doe not squeeze my puppy." *Ar't a sleepe Husband? a Boulster Lecture*, 1640, p. 161.

The ancestors of Brathwait had resided upon and possessed many years a good freehold domain in the county of Westmorland.

Richard Brathwait, a common ancestor, lived at, and was owner of Ambleside in the barony of Kendal, in Westmorland. He married Anne, daughter of William Sandys, of East Thwaites, Lancashire, and had issue one son, Robert* B., who possessed Barnside, in the same county, and married Alice daughter of John Williamson of Milbech, Cumberland. They had issue 1, Anne, married John Bradley of Bradley, Lancashire; 2, Thomas; 3, Elizabeth, married George Benson of Hugell, Westmorland; 4, Isabell, married Thomas Briggs of Caumire, Westmorland; and 5, Gawen, married Isabell daughter of Richard Forster, Esq.

* Wood calls him Thomas.

Thomas, the eldest son, father of our author, resided at Warcop near Appleby, and on the death of his father, probably, became possessed of Barnside or Burneshead. He married Dorothy daughter of Robert Bindloss of Haulston, Westmorland, and had issue 1, Agnes, married Sir Thomas Lamplew of Downby, Cambridgeshire; 2, Thomas (afterwards knighted), married Elizabeth daughter of Sir John Dalston of Dalston, Cumberland; 3, Alice, married Thomas Barton of Whenby, Yorkshire; lastly, RICHARD BRATHWAIT the author, born about 1588 at Kendall, as appears by some lines addressed “to the truly worthy the Alderman of Kendall and his brethren.” After lamenting the prevalence of drunkenness, he says:

“How happie should I in my wishes be,
If I this vice out of request could see,

Within that native place *where I was borne*,
It lies in you deere Townes-men to re-
forme *.’’

According to Wood he “became a commoner of Oriel College, A.D. 1604, aged 16, at which time he was matriculated as a gentleman’s son and a native of the county of Northumberland. While he continued in that

* In another poem, addressing the *Cottonneers of Kendall*, he confirms that country being his place of residence and nativity, by the following lines :

And in my observations seeme to show,
That due respect I to my country owe.

That did this taske and labour undertake,
For your profession and your countries sake,
Whose ayre I breath’d, O I were worthy death,
Not to love them, who suckt with me one breath :
How many families supported be,
Within the compasse of one Barronry.

Let me exhort you, in respect I am
Unto you all both friend and countriman.

See *Strappado for the Devil*, 1615, p. 173—210.

house," (says the same biographer) "which was at least three years, he avoided as much as he could the rough paths of logic and philosophy, and traced those smooth ones of poetry and Roman history, in which at length he did excel. Afterwards he removed to Cambridge, as it seems, where also he spent some time for the sake of dead and living authors, and then receding to the north parts of England, his father bestowed on him Barnside before mentioned."

Possession of Barn-side, or rather Burn-side, was, probably, obtained by Brathwait immediately upon the death of his father; an event which created some family differences, that were only staid by the prudent intervention of friends. He particularly alludes to this subject in a dedication to his elder brother, printed 1611, and implies that there were not wanting those, who in the

billows of their unnatural troubles conceived no small felicity.

Brathwait was first married in 1617. His wife was Frances daughter of James Lawson* of Nesham near Darlington, in the bishoprick of Durham, at which place she was born, being the descendant of a very ancient family. These circumstances explain the passages in the Journal, when, on the first visit to Nesham, Barnabee says

Heræ vultu speciosam :

And upon the second, *ad Nesham cum uxore :*

Et amamur & amamus.

The marriage ceremony took place nearly as related by our Itinerant in the third journey. They were married at Hurworth,

* Neare Darlington was my deare darling borne,
Of noble house, which yet beares honor's forme.
Anniversaries upon his Panarete, 1634.

in which parish Nesham is situated, and is a village about three miles from Darlington*.

Living at Burnside many years, Brathwait "became (says Wood) Captain of a Foot-company in the Trained-Bands, a Deputy-Lieutenant in the county of Westmorland, a Justice of Peace and a noted Wit and Poet. He wrote and published several books in English, consisting of prose and poetry, highly commended in the age wherein published, but since slighted and despised as frivolous matters, and only to be taken into the hands of novices."

Brathwait is little obliged to honest Anthony a Wood for this character. Indeed, though the Biographer is apt to deal largely

* The issue of this union was nine children, viz. Thomas, Robert, James, Richard, John, Philip, Dorothy, Alice, and Agnes.

in this sort of criticism on popular writers, it is not such as conveys very precise ideas. He has said something of the same kind of Robert Greene and many others. What is its fair import? That our author was a favourite in his day with a higher class of readers than in the succeeding age! What is this but to have incurred the evils inseparable from the popularity of fashion? It is of the essence of fashion to *descend* in the subjects of its dominion; and to transfer its yoke to the vulgar, at the period when it is thrown off by those of rank and consideration.

To take advantage of temporary topics, and a temporary phraseology, to excite notice, is certainly a strong presumption of a minor genius. It is that “deciduous sort of laurel” ascribed by Wood to Brathwait; but it is the business of an impartial critic to examine whether in this instance (as in many

others) it has been justly ascribed by this indiscriminate biographer. Assuming Brathwait to be the author of *Barnabee's Journal*, which it is trusted that the proofs here adduced will not allow any unprejudiced judge to doubt, it will scarcely be denied that our author possessed a native and unsophisticated wit and humour, a perspicuity of expression, a dance of imagery, and a facility of metre, which rank him with those, whose talents are calculated to rise above the casual attractions derived from the manners of a single generation, and to command the notice and praise of every age.

But to return:—Brathwait's wife died March 7th, 1633, and he piously and sincerely mourned the event. In veneration of her memory, and as a public acknowledgement of her worth and virtues, he published in the following year *Anniversaries upon his*

Panarete; and when reprinting the *Essays on the Five Senses*, 1635, he took the advantage of delivering a moral admonition to their infant offspring, by introducing therein "Love's Legacy, or Panarete's blessing to her children," which is framed as if delivered in her very last moments, forbearing to speak of marriage because their childhood could not yet conceive it.

At an advanced period of life he married again, taking for his second wife Mary, daughter of Roger Crofts of Kirtlington, in Yorkshire, Gentleman; by whom he had issue Strafford Brathwait, afterwards knighted, who was killed in the ship *Mary*, under the command of Sir Roger Strickland, during an engagement with the *Tyger* Algerine man of war, which was taken.

Upon his second marriage he removed (according to Wood) "to Appleton near

Richmond, in Yorkshire, where dying on the fourth day of May 1673, he was buried in the parish church of Catherick near that place ; leaving then behind him the character of a well-bred gentleman and good neighbour."

As the notes upon the Itinerary have increased to an unexpected length, we must defer to another opportunity the list of his numerous productions.

20th Nov. 1817.

NOTES ON THE ITINERARY.

BEFORE we proceed to supply any illustrative or explanatory notes upon the text of Barnabee's Journal, it is material to the history of the work, to make some inquiry as to the probable origin of the Title, and also of the time at which the whole was written and printed.

OF THE TITLE.

The first part of this inquiry branches into two questions :

1st. Whether the name of *Barnabee* may be believed to have originated with any particular person.

2dly. Whether it was appositely adopted from the local popularity of an old catch or ballad.

Minute as the account given of the many relatives of Brathwait may appear, let it be recollected that the same is confined to the *paternal* branches only; which were sufficiently numerous, and enough dispersed to furnish such a succession of visits, within the pale of his own family, as to make Brathwait imbibe the unsettled spirit of a Rambler, and to give birth to that coinage of adventure displayed in the Itinerary.

That a fuller notice of the *maternal* branch of the family should be reserved to this place, has arisen from the novelty it offers to our notice by exhibiting the name of *Barnabee* in a near relative to Brathwait. His father, as already stated, married Dorothy daughter of Robert Bindloss, of Haylston, whose wife was Agnes daughter of Harrison. Their issue was 1, Anne, married William Fleming; 2, the above named Dorothy; 3, Sir Robert B.

knight, married first, Mary Elstoff of Thornhill, Yorkshire ; second, Alice Dockwray of Dockwray-hall, Kendall ; 4, Christopher, married Millicent Dalton of Lancaster ; 5, Anne, married Walter Jobson ; 6, Thomas ; 7, Walter ; 8, *Barnaby*.

Of the history of this maternal uncle christened *Barnaby*, no particulars are known. The pedigree states the last three sons as all dying without issue, but does not supply any dates of those events. Therefore whether the youngest son, *Barnaby*, died in infancy or lived to a maturer age, remains at present uncertain. In either case, from the alliance to Brathwait, the fact of his existence could not be silently omitted. He might live to figure away as the roving, jolly bachelor ; the first promoter of convivial meetings, and boon companion at all opportunities ; restlessly in search of novelty, always

rambling independently through the country, a welcome favourite of women, and if not the glowing prototype of the hero of the *Itinerarium*, still such an outline of the original ‘malt-worm’ as needed only the touch of the poet to supply life, colouring, and immortality. If such a bibacious reveller did exist, and obtained no more than provincial notoriety, does it seem too much to expect, notwithstanding the lapse of time, some traditional information of his history? some proverb founded on his eccentricity? or some facetious monumental record, in imitation of his great fore-runner, tippling Elderton, to proclaim in his grave that *he was dry?*

In the title page it seems intended to prevent any personal application of the character of *Barnabee*, by declaring that the Journal was “to most apt numbers reduced,

and to the old tune of *Barnabe* commonly chaunted ;” which leads to the last part of the inquiry, under the present head, where we again need information.

The “ old tune of *Barnabe*,” or, as elsewhere named, “ old catch of *Whoop Barnaby*,” has escaped all research, however ardently and extensively pursued within the last sixty years, for the purpose of reviving our ancient music and ballads.

The popularity of the words, or tune, or both, first appears by the character of “ *Barnabe*, a hir’d coachman,” being introduced by Ben Jonson once in a scene of the comedy of *The new Inn or the light Heart*. The slight connexion of this character with the developement of the story of the drama, renders the name of *Barnabee* too trifling for any other purposes of Jonson than in part to personify a favourite old catch, and there-

by to secure applause from the 'groundlings' and gallery. *Barnabe*, the hired coachman, having driven to Barnet, is "as drie as dust," and inquires of Jordan, the landlord, an old acquaintance,

"How does old Staggers the smith, and Tree the sadler?

Keep they their penny-club, still?

Jor. And th' old *catch* too,

Of whoop *Barnaby*.

Bar. Doe they sing at me?

Jor. They are reeling at it, in the parlour, now.

Bar. I'll to 'hem: Gi' mee a drinke first.

Jor. Where's thy hat?

Bar. I lost it by the way: Gi' me another?

Jug. A hat?

Bar. A drinke *."————

Jonson again mentions this catch in a *Masque*, that was performed several times at

* The New Inne, 1631, oct.

Court, called *The Gypsies*, where a pilfering Gypsy is described to have taken from Christian “her Practice of Piety with a bow’d groat, and the ballad of *Whoop Barnabee* which grieves her worst of all *.” Another celebrated writer of that period, Charles Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, 1664, introduces the name to imply significantly the act of *reeling*.

“Bounce cries the port-hole; out they fly,
And make the world dance *Barnaby*.”

With these notices may be given a Song, pointed out by a literary acquaintance, which, whatever its merit may be, is incidentally entitled to insertion.

* *The Masque of the Gypsies*, printed by J. Okes, 1640.

[S O N G.]

To the tune of *Pin my Cock*.

“Alas! poor silly Barnaby, how men do thee molest;
In city, town, and countrey, they never let thee rest:
For let a man be merry, at even or at morne,
They will say that he is *Barnaby*, and laugh him to
scorn;
And call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone:
But can they not ’tend their drinking, and let Bar-
naby alone?

You city dames so dainty, that are so neat and fine,
That every day drinks plenty of spice and claret wine,
But you must have it burnt with sugar passing sweet,
They will not suffer Barnaby to walke along the street,
But call him drunken Barnaby, when Barnaby is gone:
Cannot you ’tend your gosseping, and let Barnaby
alone?

You clerks and lawyers costly, that are so fine and
nice,
When you do meet so costly, with a cup of ale and
spice,
You will take your chamber, before you do begin,
Although you steale him privatly, you count it is no
sin,

Though Barnaby stands open, in sight of every one,
What, cannot you 'tend your drinking, and let Barnaby alone?

But I have seen some hostis, that have taken a pott,
When her head runns giddy, she'l call for a double
shott,

Although she gets her living by such kind of gests,
Shall mock, scoffe, and deride me, as deeply as the
rest,

But call me drunken Barnaby when all my money is
gon,

But cannot they look to their mault man, and let Barnaby alone * ?”

A gentleman now living recollects hearing, early in life, an elderly person singing part of the original ballad, and varying the last line of the fragment, inserted before at p. 36, thus :

“ The drunk over night are dry the next morning.”

* *Wit and Drollery, Joviall poems : corrected and much amended, with additions. By Sir J. M. Ja. S. Sir W. D. J. D. and the most refined Wits of the age.*—1661.

From the same friendly communication was obtained the following notice of a very modern reference to the musick of this catch. In Henry Fielding's *Author's Farce, with a puppet shew called the Pleasures of the Town*, act iii., is the following song to the tune of "*Hey Barnaby take it for warning*," sung by Punch and an Orator, which is repeated here to supply the measure of the old ballad.

“P. No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, orator, you are mistaken;
Punch will not be thus confuted,
Bring forth your reasons, or you are nonsuited:
Heigh ho.

No tricks shall save your bacon,
Orator, orator, you are mistaken.

O. Instead of reasons advancing,
Let the dispute be concluded by dancing.
Ti to."

As this piece was acted at the Haymarket in 1729, and revived with alterations at

Drury Lane some years afterwards, it makes it the more remarkable that no certain information can be given of the original.

No particular date can be assigned to the composition of the Itinerary. It seems a piece of mingled fact and fiction, the accumulation of a space of nearly thirty years; and we must not hastily admit all the author desires to have believed in the lines "*Upon this Work*," p. 7. The four journies were never the offspring of only a "three days task;" nor yet wholly written in "the first spring of his minority" when no "razor then had touched his chin," as, by his own confession, at the conclusion of the last tour the hours of youth were fled. Many of the adventures originated in a heated and unripe imagination, while others, founded on local and provincial occurrences or domestic events of the author's life, are strictly correct; and,

to a few incidents, dates can be assigned. These dates create a doubt whether this prefatory poem applies to more than the first two journies. The first excursion commenced at Banbury, probably while he was a student at Oxford, and ended at Staveley. His second course was to London; where having arrived, the poem appears as if intended to end by the stanza "*Upon the Errata's.*" Nor is it improbable that was the fact; and that the printing of it was suspended from the cold reception of the *Strappado for the Divel* in 1615, the fate of which Brathwait thus records: "A pleasant poeme by the author long since published, and by some no lesse censoriously than causelessly taxed *."

Among the poems printed with the *Strappado* is one inscribed "to the worshipful Re-

* *Essays upon the Five Senses*, 1635, p. 175.

corder of Kendall," wherein it is said " my Journey's at an end," and if these words may not be applied to one of the first two parts of the Itinerary, they have scarcely any meaning. The following Epigram, in the same collection, seems derived from his desire to perpetuate his progresses.

*"In poetam Hippodramum ; or Post-riding
Poet.*

" It tooke a poet once i' th' head to poast,
For what I know not, but I'me sure it cost
His nurse far more (as I have heard some say)
Then ere his muse was able to repay."

In the last two journies, Barnabee, without abating in humour, displays in himself a rather more staid character. His amours terminate in disappointments ; and at Darlington he marries : and then our Itinerant begins to traffic as a drover or dealer in cattle, and also proclaims the necessity of living

chaste, the eyes of the country being on him. At a still later period he settled at Staveley, where the narrative of his journies underwent a revision. Events already narrated needed an addition, by way of notes, to fashion them to more recent occurrences. Thus the stanza on Kendal at p. 143, and Barnabee's note thereon, are of very different dates; as the one must have preceded and the other followed the eleventh year of Charles I. (1636)*. The plague described in the visit to Wansforth Brigs did not happen until the year 1642†. Let us, therefore, consider part of the poem as added during the civil wars. There is distinct proof of a note hitched upon a stanza to record a subsequent event; and the unswerving loyalty of Brathwait is strong ground for belief that the author's note upon Pomfret Castle‡ (where it cannot be doubted

* See note p. 127. † Note p. 116. ‡ P. 120.

that the allusion is to Stuart) was added after the death of that unfortunate monarch.

This conclusion fixes the time of printing the Itinerary to the Interregnum, when it was not very easy to obtain a license to publish, which might occasion the printer to consider it unsafe to affix his name. However, that name has not entirely, we believe, escaped research. All the capitals and rule ornaments used in the first edition, (and several are of rather peculiar character) are found in a little work by Brathwait, nearly contemporary, printed for J. H. We therefore consider it probable that the printer was *John Haviland*, and the time of publication about 1650.

P. 7, l. 7.

I'd ne're seene any curtaine nor partition.

A more explanatory comment on this line it is not likely will be found than in the fol-

lowing passage from Brathwait's address in the *Strappado* to *Mounsieur Bacchus*.

“ I le expresse
 What motiues there be of licentiousnesse
 Within thy brothel closures, and with all
 Complaine of thy partitions, how the fall
 Of many a simple virgine (though shee's loath
 To do't, poore wench) coms from a painted cloath,
 A curtaine, or some hanging of like sort,
 Which done, God wot, they'ue cause to curse thee
 for't.”

P. 8—9.

Ad Translatorem.—To the Translator.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the insufficiency of the English compared with the Latin text, there cannot be any reason for questioning that they were both the production of Brathwait. Upon translating the *Arcadian Princess* from the Italian of Mariano Silesio, he observes: “ If this new dresse doe not become him, all that I can say in mine owne defence is this, and no

other : ‘there is great difference betwixt
 ‘Taylor and Translator.’ Sure I am, that the
loome is the same, if not the *lustre* ; the
stuffe the same, though not the *colour*.”
 Which may be equally applied to the Itine-
 rary ; and we shall contentedly drop the
 question by exhibiting specimens of our au-
 thor’s English poetry in the same manner as
 he recites his travels.

“An Epigramme called *The Cambrian
 Alchymist*.

“The planet-stroken Albumazor
 Shaues the Muses like a razor ;
 Fayry like we therefore shun them,
 Cause there is no haire vpon them,
 Muses loose their ornament,
 Cambria has their excrement. —————

In a clowde ? it’s rather showne,
 Like the man that’s in the moone,
 Where our Iles Ardelio,
 Descants of Tom Trinkillo ;
 Form’d like one that’s all in mist,
 Like a second Alchymist.

Strange the project was, I wis,
 Of this metamorphosis ;
 Nought was, if I understood,
 Good, but that it was deem'd good
 By the great ; O worthy feate,
 To be worthlesse deemed great."

Strappado for the Devil, 1615. p. 114.

" Care who loves then, let him liue
 Single ; whereas such need lesse
 As themselves to marriage giue,
 For these want what they possesse ;
 Care whereof breedes now and then
 Broken sleeps in many men."

Vpon the Single Life, published with *Description of a Good Wife*, 1619.

" Nor the crazie citizen
 But is furr'd up to the chin :
 Oister-callet, slie Upholster,
 Hooking Huxster, merrie Malster,
 Cutting Haxter, courting Roister,
 Cunning Sharke, nor sharking Foister."

Nature's Embassie, 1621. p. 254.

" Haplesse-hopelesse is that clime,
 Which is of this humour sicke,
 And in sleep consumes her time,
 Ruine to states politicke :

States are ever most secure,
When they hold themselves least sure."

Arcadian Princess, 1635, p. 126.

P. 14—15, st. 2.

Barnabee was the determined foe of the Puritans, between whom and the poets a few skirmishes had taken place in the time of queen Elizabeth; but the brunt of the battle was sustained during the two following reigns, until the Puritans were totally discomfited at the Restoration. Some one, not inaptly, has said, "the poets were pert and the Puritans petulant." The first in their satires exposed the others as hypocrites, who in return, in the pestilent heat of their doctrines, attempted to brand their opponents as Atheists. Jonson condescended, by his character of "Zeal-o-the-land-busy*," to enlist

* See comedy of *Bartholomew Fair*, first acted 31 Oct. 1614.

as a distinguished leader, followed by our author, with Randolph, Cokain, Cartwright, and others of minor import, each having a cut at this big body of deformity, until it was finally dissected by the unrivalled Butler.

The story of hanging the cat, true or invented, was first related by Brathwait, in a short poem in the *Strappado*, p. 109, addressed

To the Precisian.

“ For the Precisian that dares hardly looke,
 (Because th’ art pure forsooth) on any booke
 Saue homilies, and such as tend to th’ good
 Of thee and of thy zealous brother-hood:
 Know my time-noting lines ayme not at thee,
 For thou art too too curious for mee.
 I will not taxe that man that ’s wont to slay
 “ His cat for killing mise on th’ Sabboth day:
 No; know my resolution it is thus,
 I’de rather be thy foe than be thy pus:
 And more should I gaine by ’t: for I see
 The daily fruits of thy fraternity:” &c.

This was published in 1615, and probably

alludes to a current story, as the inverted commas before the eighth line seem to imply the subject borrowed: though no such distinction appears when repeated by John Taylor, the water-poet, in describing a Brownist:

“ The spirit still directs him how to pray,
Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,
Which doth a mighty mysterie vnfold,
His zeale is hot, although his meat be cold,
Suppose his cat on Sunday kill a rat,
She on the Munday must be hang’d for that *.”

This conventicle rap was afterwards introduced upon the stage by William Sampson, in the play of *The Vow Breaker* †. In the third act we have: “ Enter Joshua, his cat

* *The praise of Hemp-seed*, Taylor’s Works, fol. 1630.

† *The Vow-Breaker, or, The Faire Maide of Clifton*, In Nottinghamshire, as it hath beene divers times acted by severall Companies with great applause. By William Sampson.—1636. 4to.

in a string, Miles, Ball." The scene is too long to be repeated here. Joshua is made to exclaim against "the heathen bables, the may-poles of time, and pageants of vanity; but I will convince them of error, and scour their pollutions away with the waters of my exhortations." Of the cat he observes: "She did kill a mouse, I but when? on the forbidden day, and therefore she must die on Munday:" and afterwards passes sentence thus: "I adjudge thee to be hanged this Munday for killing a mouse yesterday, being the high day."

No apology can be required for preserving here the following ballad, which is now little known. The old printed copy has been corrected by another in manuscript, but neither of them enables us to fix the time when it was originally written. Very probably it was contemporary with our author.

S O N G.

“A presbyterian Cat sat watching of her prey,
 And in the house
 She caught a mouse
 Upon the Sabbath day.

The Minister offended at such a deed profane,
 Threw by his book,
 The Cat he took,
 And bound her in a chain.

‘Thou damn’d confounded creature, and blood
 sucker (says he),
 ’Tis enough to throw
 To hell, below,
 My holy house and me.

Thou well may’st be assured thou blood for blood
 shall pay
 That in thy strife
 Took mouse’s life]
 Upon the Sabbath day.’

O then he took his Bible book, and earnestly he
 pray’d,
 That the great sin,
 The Cat was in,
 Might not on him be laid.

And strait to execution was poor Grimalkin drawn,
 Where on a tree
 There hang'd was she,
 While Pres. John sung a psalm.

Since the act of Puritan and they that bear such sway,
 You ne'er must kill
 A louse nor mouse
 Upon the Sabbath day*."

This passage of our author was happily applied, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons, by the late Mr. Courte-

* Printed in one of the best collections of popular lyrical pieces of its age, called *The Aviary, or Magazine of British Melody*, oblong, no date (about 1740). It has been now corrected by a copy in manuscript in the collection of a literary gentleman.—Since it was put to press, there has been obligingly communicated by Mr. Franks of Stockton, nephew to the late Mr. Ritson, a transcript of another old copy, from *The Raven: a choice Collection of Roaring Songs, calculated for the sole use and benefit of such Gentlemen as have little Judgment and no Voice*. 8vo. MS. The *Aviary* is nearly the same as the latter, except wanting the title of "The Sabbath Breaker, or Murder reveng'd."

may against two of the Members whose zeal appeared rather overstrained. It was in March 1795, on a Bill for the better observance of Sunday being introduced into Parliament by Sir William Dolben and Sir Richard Hill. In debate it was warmly as well as wittily attacked by Mr. Courtenay, who, among other things, said, he would read to the house six lines, whimsically prophetic of this very Bill, extracted from a curious little book called "Rowland's Itinerary."

"In Oxford, much against my will,
I met two knights, Dolben and Hill;
The first he was a most profane one,
The next a rigid puritane one,
Who hang'd his wicked cat on Monday,
Because she catch'd a mouse on Sunday."

Sir William Dolben, in reply, treated the quotation as a mere fiction, and compared his antagonist to Lauder the calumniator of Milton. Mr. Courtenay, in explanation, said, the Honourable Baronet had given him

more credit than he deserved in ascribing the lines to him ; they were taken from a book called “ Drunken Barnaby’s Travels *.”

That our author should particularly satirize the town of Banbury for its puritanism, might arise from the greater number of the inhabitants being of that persuasion. Bishop Gibson relates a credible story of Camden meeting with Holland’s English edition of the *Britannia* at the press, where, in addition to Banbury being famous for cheese, was added, cakes and ale ; which the antiquarian thinking a light expression, changed the word *ale* to *zeal*, “ to the great indignation (says the bishop) of the Puritans, who abounded in the town †.”

It is not impossible but Brathwait was acquainted with this anecdote at the time

* See Debates, 26th March, 1795, in the *Parliamentary Register*, vol. xli. p. 151.

† *Camden’s Britannia*, ed. 1753, c. 300.

of writing his epistle to the Cottoneers. See note on Bradford, p. 102.

Another equally facetious traveller, Bishop Corbet, in the *Iter Boreale*, also remarked the number and variety of sectaries with which Banbury abounded:

“The Puritan, the Anabaptist, Brownist,
Like a grand sallet: Tinkers, what a towne is’t*.”

And in “a Poem [by Cleveland] in defence of the decent ornaments of Christ Church Oxon, occasioned by a Banbury brother, who called them idolatries,” it is asked

“————— Shall we say
Banbury is turned Rome, because we may
See the Holy Lamb and Christopher? nay, more,
The altar stone set at the tavern doore†.”

* *Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich.* [By Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A. 1807.] p. 202.

† *Parnassus Biceps*, 8vo. 1656, p. 3.

P. 16-17.

Brackley. The Mayor the chief magistrate,
 “tho’ now only titular.”—Bishop Gibson in
Camden’s Britannia.

P. 18-19, st. 1, l. 6.

Donec creta fregit fidem : a poetical fiction. Our author states in the *Address to Mon. Bacchus*,

——“ I could say, and truly say, far more,
 I neuer ran ten shillings on thy skore,
 Which may seem strange, that I which am so grown
 Into acquaintance, and to thee well knowne :
 Should in thy booke haue such a diffidence,
 As not be chalkt for want of ready pence*.”

P. 18-19, st. 3.

This seems intended as a humourous transposition of the proverbial wisdom of the men to the women of Gottam. The female gull

* *Strappado for the Diuel*, 1615.

dancing in moonshine was probably founded on an accident which happened in the presence of Brathwait, who relates it as a *moot point*, whether to ascribe the same to Fate or the Taylor.

“ Upon a time it chanced that I came
 To Gottam, a small towne nere Nottingham,
 About which time they kept a solemne wake,
 Where every liuely lad tooke in his make*,
 Each lasse her lad, so as you need not feare
 But ere they parted they made dancing deare ;
 Amongst the rest a frolicke youth there was,
 Who tooke to him a lustie bouncing lasse ;
 Up went the crowd, the viole, and the fiddle,
 While he right smoothly takes her by the middle,
 Beginning with a kisse, for so they do it,
 Which done right mannerly they went unto it.
 Lightly he caper'd, youth is free from care,
 And she as nimble, bates him not a haire ;
 But long they had not danc'd, till this yong maid,
 In a frest stammell petticote aray'd,
 With vellure sleues, and bodies tied with points,
 Began to feel a loosenesse in her joynts ;

* *i. e.* mate.

So as about the may-pole while she tripps,
 Downe fell under-bodie from her hipps,
 And show'd the naked truth, for all espide it,
 Till one lent her his cloake that she might hide it.
 Now pray you say whom ought we most to blame,
 Fate, or the Taylor rather for the same,
 Or neither, both, but th' fashion sure I weene,
 But for her points she had not naked been :
 So as it may a caveat be to such
 Who use to stand upon their *points* too much*."

P. 28-9.

Aberford, a little town, "famous for its art of pin-making; the pins made here being in particular request among the ladies."—*Camden*.

P. 30-31, st. 2.

Wakefield. Every description of the valiant Pindar is worth preserving: the following lines are from the "Poem to the Cottoners †."

* Lines of Fate in *Time's Curtaine Drawne*, 1621.

† *Strappado for the Divil*, 1615.

————“that I intend to show,
 Is merry Wakefield and her Pindar too ;
 Which fame hath blaz'd, with all that did belong
 Unto that towne in many gladsome song :
 The Pindars valour, and how firme he stood
 In th' towne's defence 'gainst th' rebel Robin-hood,
 How stoutly he behav'd himselfe, and would,
 In spite of Robin, bring his horse to th' fold :
 His many May games which were to be seene,
 Yeerely presented vpon Wakefield greene,
 Where louely Jugge and lustie Tibb would go,
 To see Tom liuely turne vpon the toe ;
 Hob, Lob, and Crowde the fidler would be there,
 And many more I will not speake of here :
 Good God ! how glad hath been this hart of mine
 To see that towne, which hath in former time
 So flourish'd, and so gloried in her name,
 Famous by th' Pindar who first rais'd the same ?
 Yea, I haue paced ore that greene and ore,
 And th' more I saw 't, I tooke delight the more ;
 For where we take contentment in a place,
 A whole daies walke seems as a cinque pace :
 Yet as there is no solace vpon earth,
 Which is attended euermore with mirth :
 But when we are transported most with gladnesse
 Then suddenly our ioye's reduc'd to sadnesse,

So far'd with me to see the Pindar gone,
 And of those iolly laddes that were, not one
 Left to suruiue: I grieu'd more then I'll say:
 But now *for Bradford*—" (See next note.)

P. 32-3.

Bradford. The same story is related, more at large, in the Epistle to *the Cottoneers*, just referred to.

—————"for Bradford I must hast away.
 Bradford if I should rightly set it forth,
 Stile it I might *Banberry of the North*,
 And well this title with the towne agrees,
 Famous for twanging *ale*, ZEALE*, *cakes, and cheese*:
 But why should I set zeale behinde their ale?
 Because zeale is for some, but ale for all;
 Zealous indeed some are (for I do heare
 Of many zealous sempring sister there)
 Who loue their brother, from their heart iffaieth,
 For it is charity, as Scripture saith:
 But I am charm'd, God pardon what's amisse,
 For what will th' wicked say that heare of this,
 How by some euill brethren 't hath been sed,
 Th' brother was found in's zealous sister's bed?"

* See p. 97.

P. 33, l. 10.

“ Yet *bon-socios* and good fellowes.”

“ A bonus socjus in good company*.”

P. 35, l. 5.

The index hand before this line is found in the first edition. It often occurs in some of Brathwait's prose works, to note a new sentence, proverb, &c., but appears here uselessly introduced by the printer.

P. 35, st. 2, l. 2.

This line has been inadvertently altered from the first edition, where it stands,

“ Till I brake a blacksmith's palled.”

P. 38-9.

Staveley. The etymology of this name is given in the *Epistle to the Cottoneers*, describing the titular patroness of their trade, Carmentis, who established the Phrygian

* Poem *To the Cottoneers*.

works, and coming from Rome to this Isle with Aquila, the fleet divided, and she arrived in the haven of Workington. After giving name to “Cartmell or Carment-hill” she continued her journey, and

—————“on Stauelaies Clifles, they say,
She laid her staffe, whence comes the name Staffe-
lay;

Corruptly Staulay, where she staid a space,
But seeing it a most notorious place,
And that th’ trades-men were so giuen to th’ pot,
That they would drinke far more then ere they got;
She turn’d from thence, yet left some maids behinde,
That might acquaint them in this wool-worke kinde,
While she did plant, as ancient records be,
Neerer to Kendall in th’ Barronrie*.”

P. 40-1.

Something similar had before come from the same mint. A Poem was inscribed by Brathwait:

“To the true discoverer of secrets Moun-

* *Strappado for the Diuel.*

sieur Bacchus, sole Soueraigne of the Ivy-bush, master-gunner of the pottle-pot ordinance, &c. &c.”

“ Bottle-nos’d Bacchus with thy bladder face,
To thee my muse comes reeling for a place*.”

Again—

“ Bacchus cares not for outward signes a rush,
Good wine needs not the hanging of a bush†.”

P. 44-49.

From stanza 2 to 5 of the second part, the allusion is probably to Tom Coriate. P.

P. 48-9.

The Isle of Rhé was fruitlessly attacked by the Duke of Buckingham in 1627. For “An Elegie upon the Death of Sir John Burrowes, slaine at the Isle of Ree,” see *Parnassus Biceps*, 1656.

This is the only public event in the first

* *Strappado for the Diuel.*

† Ibid.

two journies that militates against the conjecture of their being written before 1617 (p. 81), but it might have been introduced afterwards. At a later period Tom D'Urfey wrote *The Travels of Drunkard, the famous Curr* for his faithful attachment, when

“ Away went he and crost the sea,
With's master, to the Isle of *Rhea*,
A good way beyond Callicè*.”

P. 50-1.

At the time Taylor, the water-poet, made his *Penniless Pilgrimage*, he records Master Banister as the Mayor of Preston.

“ Unto my lodging often did repaire
Kinde Master Thomas Banister, the mayor,
Who is of worship, and of good respect,
And in his charge discreet and circumspect;
For I protest to God I neuer saw
A towne more wisely gouern'd by th' law†.”

* *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. vi.

† *Taylor's Works*, 1630. p. 126.

P. 52-3, l. 17.

“ Let st. foote be, such follies lust affoord,
For fairest play is euer aboue boord*.”

“ Or to play at foot-st. with him†.”

In the encomiastic note upon Rose, the author seems to have borne in memory the epitaph upon Rosamund which he met with in his first journey at Woodstock ‡.

P. 58-9, st. 3, l. 4-7.

Alluding to a *skimmington*. “ This burlesque ceremony was the invention of a woman, who thereby vindicated the character of a neighbour of hers, who had stoutly beaten her husband for being so saucy as to accuse his wife of being unfaithful to his bed §.”

* *Morall to the Ciuell Diuell, Strappado, &c.*

† *Franke's Anatomie*, *ibid.*

‡ *Camden*, vol. i. col. 299.

§ *Popular Antiquities*, 1813, vol. ii. p. 110, note.

P. 64-5, st. 3, l. 1.

Frank Green was, probably, the female to whom Brathwait was "quondam friend," and subject of a poem entitled "An Embleme which the Author composed in honour of his Mistris, to whom he rests euer devoted : Allusiuely shadowing her name in the title of the Embleme, which hee enstiles His Frankes Anatomie." Her person is described with all the minuteness and freedom of the school of Donne and other contemporary poets. It is followed by another address "Upon his Mistris Nuptialls, entitled His Frankes Farewell*."

It may also be conjectured, 'for the name's sake,' she was joined afterwards with his wife in a complimentary effusion, as

An Hymne Thalassicall or Nuptiall ; im-

* *Strappado for the Diuel*, 1615, p. 78-86.

*plying two worths included in one name,
paradoxally intimating the true happie
state of contented Love.*

“ What I have, that I craue,
Frank I lost, yet Frank I haue ;
Happie am I in possessing
Of her that giues Love a blessing :
Blessed loue 'boue earthly ranke,
Stated in my style of Franke ;
Happie style that thinkes no shame
In respect of nature, name,
Forme, affection, and in all
To be Franke, as we her call.—
Thus two Franks in beauty one,
Yeelds enough to dote upon ;
Equall both in favour, feature,
Honour, order, name, and nature ;
Both inclining to one stature,
Equall'd by no earthly creature.—
Yet if need's one th' *best* doe craue,
In my thoughts it's she I haue :
She whose vertues doe excell,
As they seeme imparalell ;
Modest, yet not too precise,
Wise, yet not conceited wise.—

With this poem and a pearle,
 Sent to Franke my faithful girle ;
 I conclude with friendly vow,
 To my Frank her neighbour too*."

P. 66-7, st. 2.

See *Orlando Furioso*, book xxiii. Brathwait, in a poem called "How Fancie is a Phrensie," says :

" Tell them the bookes I reade be such as treat
 Of *Amadis de Gaul*, and *Pelmerin*,
 Furious *Orlando*, and *Gerilion* ;
 Where I obserue each fashion and each feate
 Of amorous humours, which, in my conceipt,
 Seeme to to rare ; that they that were so strong
 Should be so mad, and I be tame so long†."

st. 3.

In the *Address to Bacchus* the author is to devise larger pots, and the others are to become forfeited :

* *Time's Curtaine Drawne*, &c. oct. 1621.

† *Strappado for the Diuel*, p. 103.

“ Which goods confiscate for their great abuse,
 Nay, afterward redound unto the use
 Of all such noble *skinkers* (by confession)
 As were deceiv'd by men of this profession*.”

P. 68-9, note.

Our author appears to have extended the sense as to St. Alban, whom, according to Camden, Fortunatus Presbyter mentions thus:

“ *Albanum egregium fœcunda Britannia profert.*
 And fruitful Britain holy Alban shews.”

P. 74-5, st. 1, l. 2.

The sign of the Three Cranes was in the Vintry.

P. 98-9.

Stonegate-hole. There is great similitude between the ludicrous adventure of the attorney's clerk and part of the ancient tale of Dane Hew, monk of Leicester, inserted in

* *Strappado for the Devil.*

the *British Bibliographer*, vol. ii. p. 593. The same story was published by Brathwait, in an anonymous work, in 1640, which we shall repeat here, as it wears all the appearance of being founded on truth.

“ To inlay this our lecture with mixt stories, I shall adde one only tale of a spritelly male, who, for love of a female, lost his maill, and afterwards runne post naked down Sautry-laine.

“ There was an attorney's clarke, who comming along with his master by Stane-gate-hole (or the Purser's prize), and hovering a little behind his master, purposely to ease himselfe : tyed his gelding to a stake in the hedge, and went over into the thicket adjoyning : where he no sooner enter'd than he perceived a dainty young wench, of an amiable presence, cheerefull countenance, and a wooing eye, beckning unto him, as if she

affected nothing more than dalliance: The clarke, whose heate of youth prompted him on, though his master's speed call'd him back, friendly and freely accoasted her, preferring his owne sport before his master's speed. But while they were clozing up their youth-full bargaine, two lustie *takers* leapt out of a brake and surprized him, calling him to a sharpe account for the dishonour hee had offered their sister: Hee, who had no time admitted him to put in his plea, besought them that hee might bee dismiss: which motion they inclined to, but by no meanes til he had *payd his fees*. To bee short, they stript him naked to his skinne, seized on his port-mantua: and tying his hands behind him, mounted him, mother-naked as hee was, into his sadle. His gelding missing his master's horse, fell a galloping and neying after him. The master with another fellow-

traveller, hearing such a noyse and clattering behind them, though a good distance from them, looking back, might see one in white with great speed pursuing them : 'They imagining it to be one in white armour, put spurrs to their horses: where all along *Sautry-laine* this eager chace continued; the man harmlessly following, they fearfully flying: till they got to *Stilton*, where they thought themselves happy in such an harbour: where they reposed, till that *armed-man* appeared a *naked-man*; whom we will leave to the correction of his master: to whom he made a free discovery of his misfortune, and consequently deserved more favour*."

P. 100-1, st. 2, l. 1.

The *Collegium purum* which our travel-

* *Ar't asleepe, Husband? A Boulster Lecture*, oct. 1640, p. 64.

ler went a little out of the way to visit, was the recent establishment by Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gedding in Huntingdonshire. This foundation was laid about the year 1625 by this learned and pious man, who, having been Deputy Governour of the Virginia Company, after the violent dissolution of that body, retired from public life, purchased the manor of Little Gedding, entered into holy orders, and there founded what was called a *Protestant nunnery*, composed of his mother, brothers, sisters, and their children; in all, about forty persons. The establishment was the subject of much difference of opinion, and much odium was attached to archbishop Laud, who had ordained the founder, for his encouragement of an endowment so nearly allied to popery. It is pleasant, however, to find our traveller paying, in his graceless ramble, a just tribute to the up-

rightness of the motives and conduct of the rigid devotees. G.

See also the Gentleman's Magazine for 1772, vol. xlii. p. 322 & 364; and No. ix. and x. of Hearne's Appendix to the Preface to *Peter Langtoft's Chronicle*, 1725.

P. 102-3, st. 3.

Wansforth-Brigs.—The melancholy circumstances under which Barnabee visited Wansforth-Brigs enable us to fix 1642 as the year in which part of his third Itinerary was written. The plague then ravaged the village, and the usual *Miserere mihi!* on the portals, which denoted the infected dwelling, serves to restore our apparently thoughtless wanderer to his sober senses. Another customary mark of that dreadful mortality pervading the house was a bloody cross on the door posts, as we learn from the water-poet,

where the inherent horror of the subject has rapt the sculler into strains of real poetry.

“ In some whole street, perhaps, a shop or twaine
 Stands open for small takings and less gayne,
 And every closed window, door, and stall,
 Makes each day seem a solemn festival.
 Dead corscs carried and received still,
 While fiftie bodies scarce one grave doth fill.
 While *Lord have mercie on us !* on the door,
 Altho the words be good, do grieve men sore,
 And *o’er the door posts* fixed a cross of red,
 Betokening that there Death some blood hath
 shed*.”

A very excellent Inn, the property of His Grace the Duke of Bedford, still perpetuates the perilous adventure of Barnabee in the Sign of the Haycock, on which he is represented as passing under “Wansforth-brigs” interlocuting the inhabitants as to the origin of his voyage. G.

* *The fearful Summer*, p. 59. fo. ed. 1630.

Stamford. Leland says “that a greate voice rennith that sumtyme readings of Liberalle Sciences were at Staunforde*.”

Thus Camden :—“University of Stamford.—In Edward the Third’s reign [not to mention what the fragment of an old manuscript history says, concerning an University here, long before our Saviour,] an University for the study and profession of liberal arts and sciences, was begun here; which the Inhabitants look upon as their greatest glory. For when the hot contests at Oxford broke out between the students of the North, and the South, a great nnmber of them withdrew and settled here. However a little while after, they return’d to Oxford, and put an end to the new University which they had so lately begun; and from thenceforward it

* *Itinerary*, 1711, vol. vi. fol. 29.

was provided, by an oath to that purpose, that no Oxford-man should profess at Stanford. [Here are still the remains of two Colleges, one call'd *Black-hall*, and the other *Brazen-nose*; on the gate whereof is a great brazen nose and a ring through it, like that of the same name at Oxford. And it is evident that this did not take its pattern from Oxford, but Oxford from it; inasmuch as that at Oxford was not built before the reign of Henry the Seventh, and this is at least as old as Edward the Third, and probably older.*"]

P. 108-9, st. 1, l. 2.

The *Foramen Saræ* was a popular ale-house, still flourishing, called "the Hole i' the wall," and the *Bona Roba*, as Justice Shallow has it, who entertained our traveller

* *Brittannia*, by Gibson, 1753, col. 555.

was Sarah Edwards, whose decease is recorded in the parish register in 1646. This “drunkard’s cave,” not less in esteem than when visited by honest Barnabee, is at this hour owned and occupied by a right worthy landlord and sportsman ycleped Anthony Baker, and is probably the oldest *hospitium* in the place, for “The maidenhead,” where the water-poet rested on his “penillesse pilgrimage,” has been long suppressed. G.

P. 110–111. St. 1.

Witham.—If we had not the utmost confidence in our Traveller’s accuracy, we might perhaps suspect him on this occasion of having reversed an old proverb, which says that

“*Aukham eel* and Witham *pike*,
In all England is none sike.”

Barnabee is, however, correct, for those minute recorders of momentous events, the

ancient chroniclers, recount an eel of enormous dimensions being stranded near the outlet of that river at Boston:—and indeed a similar prodigy was taken at no great distance in recent days. To have hooked one of such portentous size, as put the fisher's safety in jeopardy, *so high up the river*, was reserved for the singular good fortune of honest Barnabee, since the Witham has its origin in the village where our traveller rested, and may be stepped across any where between its source and the village of Cottesworth, two miles lower. But there is the poet's license; so we trust, notwithstanding, that Barnabee's veracity will 'moult no feather' from this untoward circumstance. G.

The largest fresh-water eel I ever saw was caught in the river Witham, opposite Bardney. The boy, who drew it to the bank with his line, was terrified at its bulk, and cried

out “ A snake, a snake !” but the prize was secured by his companions, and carried home in juvenile triumph. P.

P. 110-113.

Grantham has long been celebrated for whetstones, a small cake shaped like a whetstone, and for a handsome church, ‘whose spire rises to a great height,’ says Camden, ‘and is famous for the many stories told about it.’ Barnabee has added an imperfect one to the number: it were to be wished that he had been more explicit. The height of the spire was 273 feet. A few years before Barnabee undertook his third peregrination, the church and spire of Grantham were in such a ruinous state that a petition was presented to the Lord Keeper stating that the parish church of the said ancient borough, ‘being very spacious and the steeple thereof

famous for its eminent height, were at that present likely to fall into ruin,' expressing at the same time an utter inability to repair it. In this state it seems to have remained till 1661, when it was blown down and rebuilt. The engravings of Hollar, and the history of Dugdale, represent St. Paul's at the time Barnabee travelled as wanting only a spire to compleat the building ; and it is likely that the gossip ran among those who shared drunken Barnabee's compotations, that this elegant spire of Grantham was about to be transplanted thence to perfect the splendid Cathedral of St. Paul's. G.

To this communication of a literary friend we are enabled to add Brathwait's relation of the same story in another work. It is introduced in the *Arcadian Princess*, with the name of GRANTAM transposed, and may therefore be unhesitatingly applied to that place. An index hand is placed in the margin better

to secure notice. "They may wel seem to be ranked and endenized amongst that credulous Plebeian Society of MARGANT, who were made to beleeve, upon the ruines of a sumptuous and magnificent Abbey-spire, that the State intended their spire (though many miles distant) should supply it: to divert which intendment, in all humble and petitionary manner, with joynt consent according to their weak conceit, they beseeched the State (with ample gratuities to some interceding favorites, for their better successe) to commiserate their case, and spare their Spire. To which the State, pretending them all favour, after much laughter, pleasantly condescended*."

P. 114-115.

Retford. Versifying the old adage that a fish should swim thrice; in water, in butter, and in wine.

* *The Arcadian Princess*, 1635. p. 203.

P. 122-3.

Tadcaster. “Really, (says Camden) considering the many currents that fall into [the Wherf,] this so shallow and easie stream under the bridge is very strange, and might well give occasion to what a certain gentleman, who passed it in the summer-time, said of it :

“*Nil Tadcaster habet Musis vel carmine dignum,
Præter magnificè structum sine flumine pontem.*

Itinerary of T. Edes. (*marginal Note*)

“Nothing at *Tadcaster* deserves a name,
But the fair bridge that’s built without a stream.*.”

P. 131.

Alerton or Northalerton. “The throngest beast-fair on St. Bartholomew’s day that I ever saw.”—*Camden*.

At Nesham there was a Benedictine Nun-

* *Camden’s Britannia.*

nery, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and of which no vestige remains. Here Margaret, sister of Henry VIII., slept in her progress to Scotland. The last prioress was Johanna Lawson, who remained an annuitant in 1553. It was granted, 32 Hen. VIII. to James Lawson, who appears to have been great-grandfather of Frances L. who married R. Brathwait. Nesham is in the parish of Hurworth, a beautiful village three miles from Darlington, on the banks of the Tees, and noted as the place where Emerson the celebrated mathematician resided. In right of his wife, Brathwait possessed the manor of Nesham, which afterwards passed out of the family, and was sold by the late Sir Charles Turner to a Mr. Wrightson, and has, we believe, been offered again recently for sale.

P. 132-3.

Richmund “built by Alan the first Earl, and honoured by him with this name which signifies a rich mount.”—*Camden*.

P. 136-7.

Middleham. “Robert Fitz-Ralph had all Wentseddle bestow’d on him by Conanus Earl of Bretagne and Richmond, and built a very strong castle at Middleham.”—*Camden*.

P. 142-3.

Kendall. A Charter of Incorporation was granted to this town in the eighteenth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and another charter with additional privileges in the eleventh year of Charles I. The Itinerary being written when only the original charter existed, our author declares there was “nothing but a mayor wanted,” which civic ap-

pointment was granted by the new charter. Probably the towns-people were applying for an extension of their privileges when the text was written, and after the obtainment of their request in 1636, it became necessary to add a record of it, by a note, which shows that additions were made long after the Itinerary was first written.

P. 144.

Si vitulum, &c. from the third Eclogue of Virgil, but applied in a widely different sense, is on that account very neat. A.

P. 164-5.

Garestang is noted for an extraordinary breed of cattle. In May 1772, a gentleman refused 30 guineas for a three year old cow, sold a calf of a month's age for ten guineas, and bulls for an hundred. He killed an ox weighing twenty-one stone per quarter, ex-

elusive of hide, offal, &c. so that well might *honest Barnabee* at the beginning of the 17th century celebrate the cattle of that place, notwithstanding the misfortune he met with in one of its great fairs. See p. 50. A.

P. 171, l. 4.

“To Nesham with my woman;” Brathwait, for an unlaboured rhyme, applies what now appears a homely expression to his wife, whom he seeks on all occasions to extol as the model of her sex. In “*Free, yet Bound; An Epigram upon Marriage,*” he says:

“—Thanks to heaven, I haue got such an one,
Who though shee be no profest monitor,
Shall, as shee merits, be my counsellour;
For shee is firme aboue comparison,
And loues all *Musique* saue *Division*:

Nor yet assumes shee to herselfe that power,
As her instructions were so absolute,
As first with reason shee should not dispute”*.

* *Times Curtaine Drawne*, 1621.

P. 172-3.

Leland, in his Itinerary, remarks of Kendall, or Kirkby Kendall, “in the town is but one chirch,” and therefore the pastor, whose example was so little attended to, is probably the same person who had many years before obtained the like notice from the author in addressing the inhabitants of Kendall.

“But of all blessings that were reckoned yet,
 In my opinion there is none so great,
 As that especiall one which they receiue,
 Byth’ graue and reuerend Pastor which they haue,
 Whose life and doctrine are so ioint together,
 (As both sincere, there’s no defect in either,)
 For in him both Urim and Thummim be ;
 O that we had more pastors such as he :
 For then in Sion should Gods flocke encrease,
 “Hauing such shepheards would not flea but fleece ;
 Thus what wants Kendal that she can desire,
Tyres her Pastor, and her selfe is Tyre ;
 He to instruct her people, she to bring
 Wealth to her towne by forraine trafficking.”

Address to the Cottoneers, 1615.

P. 174-5, st. 2.

For the ballad of John Dory see Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790, p. 163. This lyrical piece continued popular many years. It was inserted in the *Deuteromelia: or the second part of Musicks melodie, or melodius musicke*," 1609; and also in Playford's *Second book of the Pleasant Musical Companion*," 1687. In the latter it is succeeded by the well-known satire upon Sir John Suckling as "a second part of John Dory made to the same tune, upon Sir John S—— expedition into Scotland, 1639." The same collection contains a song on the power of women, to the tune of the Blacksmith, beginning

"Will you give me leave and I'll tell you a story,
Of what has been done by your fathers before ye,
It shall do you more good than ten of John Dory,
Which nobody can deny."

Barnabee's censure of those who had rather hear "pipe than sermon" and next bid-

ding to “dance lively with John Dory” is similar to Brathwait’s address to the Cottoners, where, after morally recommending the advantages of Charity, he proceeds in the following singular manner :

“ So time shall crowne you with an happy end,
And consummate the wishes of a friend ; [pleasure,
So each (through peace of conscience) rapt with
Shall ioifully begin to dance his measure.
One footing actiue *Wilson’s* delight,
Descanting on this note, I haue done what’s right,
Another ioying to be nam’d ’mongst them
Were made men-fishers of poore fisher-men.
The third as blith as any tongue can tell,
Because he’s found a faithfull Samuel.
The fourth is chanting of his notes as gladly,
Keeping the tune for th’ honour of *Arthur a Bradley*.
The fifth so pranke, he scarce can stand on ground,
Asking who’ll sing with him *Mal Dixon’s* round?”

P. 180.

A new English version of this apology for *errata* appeared in poems by Lawrence Whyte, Dub. 1742, 12mo. P.

POSTSCRIPT.

BRATHWAIT was too voluminous an author, and many of his acknowledged pieces too rare, to be always in the power of immediate reference. In the foregoing Notes are several passages from parts of his works that serve to confirm, and must convince any unprejudiced reader of his title to the authorship, now assigned him, of *Barnabee's Journal*. It may be urged that a sketch of a character of our hero, identifying him with Brathwait, is still wanting. Evidence so forcible as that already given could not well be expected after the lapse of above a century. But it is rather a singular fact, that BRATHWAIT has drawn his own character as the slave, during youth, of drunkenness and

libertinism, and indulging in every vice and debauchery that can possibly be attached to the character of *Barnabee*.

As *Holy memorials or Heavenly mementos* he sought in a strain of pious admonition to deduce the necessity of living virtuously, and teaching, by the influence of a faithful sketch of his own errors and vicious indulgencies, the way to avoid the miserable debility and hoary lamentation that follow a mis-spent youth. These memorials were attached to *A Spiritual Spicerie*, printed 1638, and may thereby account for 'THE JOURNAL being afterwards printed without the author's name. It was not likely after this character was sent forth, worded for the few pious and good, that BRATHWAIT would again appear publickly as the thoughtless pupil of vice and folly ; although he might not have sufficient resolution to suppress altogether

this lucubration of his Muse. It is probable that he wrote this sketch of his own life when labouring under the melancholy influence and depression of mind from the recent loss of his first wife; and that his errors were glowingly depicted in order to give more strength to the moral lesson. In the following passages are strong traits of *Barnabee*.

“ The easiest of my vanities were light amorous poems. I held those employments for my best houres. O what a prize, what a bootie, held I a favour snatcht from a light piece of beautie? My fortunes were not great, which enjoyned mee to a sparer expence. But if my small credit could supply what my fortunes wanted, I stickt not much on the meanest commodities to make up that want. My melancholly ever proceeded from want of money. While roring was in request, I held it a complete fashion. For

civility, I held it for such a rag of unbeseeming gentrie, as I scorned to take acquaintance of it. I had long before this, aspired to a pipe of rich smoake with a tinder-box, and these gave light to my lighter discourses. I held my pockets sufficiently stored, if they could but bring mee off for mine ordinarie, and after dinner purchase mee a stoole on the stage. I had cares enough besides hoording, so as I held it fit to disburden myselfe of that, and resigne it over to the worldling. A long winter night seemed but a *Midsummer night's dream*, being merrily past in a catch of foure parts, a deep health to a light Mistresse and a knot of brave blades to make up the consort. I could jeere him to his face whom I needed most: *Ten at hundred*, I meane, and he would not stick to pay mee in mine owne coyne. I might beg a courtesie at his hands, but to starve for't never pre-

vaile, for herein I found this instrument of usurie and the Devill to be of one Societie, and that they craved nothing of any one, save onely securitie. A weake blast of light fame was a great part of that portion I aimed at. And herein was my madnesse ! I held nothing so likely to make mee knowne to the world, or admired in it, as to be debauch't, and to purchase a parasite's praise by my riot.——

“The day seemed long wherein I did not enjoy them (pleasures :) the night long wherein I thought not of them. I knew what sinne it was to sollicit a maid unto lightnesse ; or to be drunken with wine, wherein was excesse ; or to suffer mine heart to be oppressed with surfetting and drunkennesse : yet for all this, run I on still in mine evill wayes ; and so continued till my evill dayes came upon mee, which fitted themselves for

pleasures too, but of another degree, and in an higher straine of vanitie. Alas, poore decrepit age ! what pleasure can the whole world find for such a cripple ? Thine eyes are too dim to discerne beautie ; thy lame legs can find no feet, to walke to the house of the strange woman. Thy May-flowers no sooner withered than thy May-games ended. Uselesse yeares, hawthorne haire, fruitlesse cares stick close to thee ; all things else (saving onely these constant companions, the infirmities of age) have long since left thee.—

“Free-bred were my studies ; so as, lapwing-like, with shell on head, I begun to write before my yeares could well make mee an author. But hence my teares ! The subjects I made choyce of were of love ; to close with my fancie which was verie light. I was proud in bearing the title of a writer, which, I must confesse, together with the instancie

of such as either truly applauded mee, or deduced mee, made mee ambitious after the name of an author. And what were those light poems I then penned ; but such as are now pensive odes to my dolorous soule, grieving to peruse what my youth so dearly loved ? O how familiar was I with Parnassus, Helicon, Hippocrene, and all the Muses ! meantime, I seldome or never thought of that heavenly Olympus which crowns all virtuous labours with true happinesse. It was the saying of an holy father ‘ Those studies which I once loved, now condemne mee ; those which I sometimes praised now disparage mee ! ’ Far more cause have I to say how those labours which I once fancied now afflict mee, those which sometimes delighted mee, now perplex mee. I am many times in company where I heare some of my youthfull verses repeated ; and though I doe neither owne them nor praise them ; yet must

I in another place answer for them, if hee; on whom I depend, shall not in these teares which I shed, drowne the memory of them. For, alas! how many chaste eares have I offended, how many light eares have I corrupted with those unhappie works which I have published? What wanton measures have I writ for the nonc't, to move a light curtezan to hugge my conceit; and next her Venus and Adonis, or some other immodest toy, to lodge mee in her bosome?—

“Being put on by my superiours, at whose dispose I was, I addressed my pen to labours historicall, morall, and divine. Neither was I in these lesse blame-worthy: for even those wherein I should only have aym'd at God's glory, had ever in them some sprinklings of vaine-glory: Nay, what was more, (for enough I cannot speake to my owne shame,) those *Cardinall Vertues* whereof I treated; and which to the imitation of others I com-

commended, found ever the worst example in my-
 selfe. Which could not chuse but redound
 to my great dishonour, to see mee the least
 observer of that, which I commended to an-
 other. Likewise those Theologicall Vertues,
 which in those my diviner workes, I so high-
 ly honoured; with those Seven Beatitudes,
 the practice whereof I so much pressed,
 where found they my imitation in them, to
 confirme my admiration of them? Now tell
 mee, was this all that might bee required of
 mee? Was it sufficient for mee to commend
 to others what I meant not to amend in my-
 selfe? Was this the duty of an author?
 Whether bee our lives to bee showne in our
 pens, or our pens in our lives? Truth is, for
 one *active* man we have ten *contemplative*;
 amongst which none ever professed more,
 and expressed lesse than myselfe *."

* The memorials are ten in number; the ninth
 was reprinted in the *Restituta*, vol. ii. p. 287.

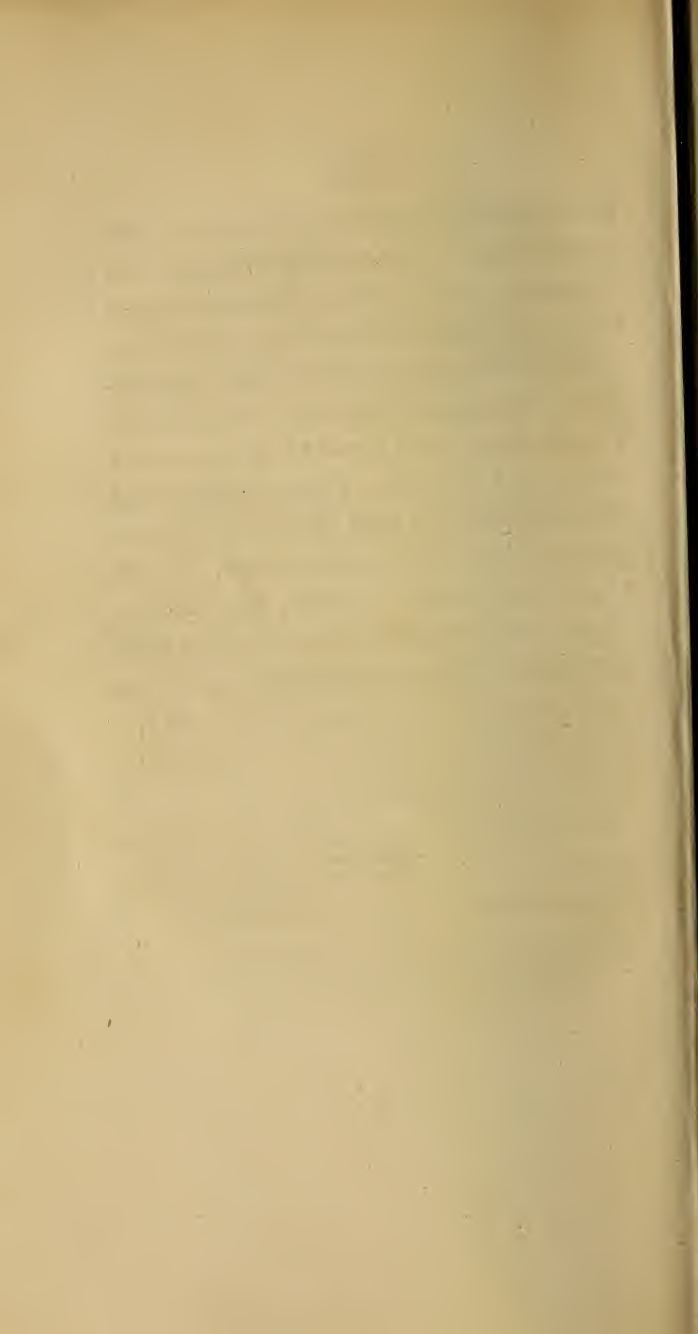
These excerpts are from a volume but recently obtained by the editor, and are sufficient to confirm the title of Brathwait to the *Itinerary*, as already asserted. So many incidental facts relative to BRATHWAIT and his works have been found, unknown to his former biographers, during the present research, that the editor has been induced to promote a *fac-simile* edition of the first impression of the *Itinerary*, of a very limited number ; that will have an introductory volume devoted to an account of the author and of his poetical pieces which are not “ without merit, either for fancy, sentiment, or expression *,” as well as all his other known works. As it is intended to be put to press immediately, any communications on the subject addressed to the publisher Mr. Harding, St. James’s Street, will be

* See *Advertisement* to Brathwait’s Odes printed at the private press of Lee Priory, 1815, 8vo.

gratefully acknowledged, and the editor feels confident of obtaining further intelligence of the author and his work, when the present edition obtains circulation in the North.

The editor has to acknowledge the most liberal communications from many literary friends, several of whom he is not permitted at present to mention. To Mr. Gilchrist and Mr. Adolphus his best thanks are due for some curious notes and other matter, and also to the Rev. James Topham, Sir Cuthbert Sharp, and Geo. Allan, Esq. M. P. for their prompt and valuable assistance.

H



BARNABÆ
ITINERARIUM,
MIRTILI & FAUSTULI

NOMINIBUS INSIGNITUM:

Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptissimis
Numeris redactum, veterique Tono
BARNABÆ publicè
decantatum.

AUTHORE CORYMBŒO.

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.



Barnabæ Itinerarium,
OR
Barnabees Journall.



BARNABEE'S
JOURNAL,
UNDER THE NAMES OF
MIRTIUS AND FAUSTULUS
SHADOWED:

For the Traveller's Solace lately published, to
most apt Numbers reduced, and to
the old Tune of BARNABE
commonly chanted.

BY CORYMBÆUS.

The oyle of malt and juyce of spritely nectar,
Have made my Muse more valiant than Hector.



LOYALL PHEANDER

TO HIS

ROYALL ALEXANDER.

THE title, noble friend, of ALEXANDER,
Were it nought else, implies a great commander :

And so you shall be still of me and mine,
With Barnabe couch'd in a reeling ryme :
Nor wonder, friend, if his dimensions reele,
Whose head makes such Iambicks with his
heelee.



UPON THIS WORK.

THIS three days task was once imposed me
 In the first spring of my minority ;
 No edge of razor then had touch'd my chin,
 Nor downy shade approach'd my supple skin ;
 I knew not th' postures of this Indian vapor,
 Nor made my sacrifice unto my taper ;
 I'd ne'er seen any curtain nor partition,
 Which beget work for surgeon and physician ;
 I was a novice in the school of sin,
 Nor yet did taste, what others dived in ;
 Excuse this subject then, if't do not fit
 The niceness of this age for weight and wit.
 Birds flicker first before they learn to fly,
 And trust me on my credit so did I.
 " Great tasks when they'r to shorter times con-
 fin'd
 " Will force a work mount lower than the mind."

AD VIATOREM.

Oppida dum peragras, peragrando Poemata
spectes,
Spectando titubes, Barnabe nomen habes.

AD TRANSLATOREM.

Pessimus est cerdo, qui transtulit ordine calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,
Ast hic Translator corii peramabilis actor,
Qui rythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

TO THE TRAVELLER.

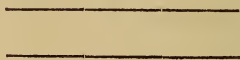
Towns while thou walk'st and see'st this poetry,
 And seeing, stumblest, thou art Barnabe.

TO THE TRANSLATOR.

That paltry patcher is a bald translator,
 Whose aulebores at the words but not the matter:
 But this Translator makes good use of lether,
 By stitching ryme and reason both together.

INDEX OPERIS.

Mulciber, Uva, Venus, redolens ampulla, Si-
Effigiem titulis explicuere suis. [ienus,



Sic me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor——

THE INDEX OF THIS WORK.

Vulcane, grape, Venus, bottle, Silen's hooke,
Have all explain'd the title of this booke.

Thus through vast desarts, promontories wilde,
Parnassus love drawes Bacchus' onely childe.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM,

Anglo-Latinum.

ITINERIS BOREALIS

PARS PRIMA.

MIRTIUS & FAUSTULUS

Interlocutores.

MIRTIUS. O FAUSTULE, tende palmam,
Accipe calicem vitibus aliam ;
Tunc vinctus es dolore ?
Uvæ tinctus sis colore.
Sperne opes, sperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè sapis.

O Faustule, dic amico
Quo in loco, quo in vico,
Sive campo, sive tecto,
Sine linteo, sine lecto,
Propinasti, quæ tabernis,
An in Terris, an Avernis ?

BARNABEE'S JOURNALL,

English and Latine.

HIS NORTHERN JOURNEY :

FIRST PART.

MIRTIUS & FAUSTULUS

Inter-speakers.

MIRTIUS. **O** FAUSTULUS ! stretch thy hand out,
Take thy liquor, do not stand out ;
Art thou 'prest with griping dolour ?
Let the grape give thee her colour.
Bread's a binder, wealth's a miser,
Drink down care, and thou art wiser.

O Faustulus, tell thy true hart,
In what region, coast, or new part,
Field or fold, thou hast beene bousing,
Without linnen, bedding, housing ;
In what taverne, pray thee show us,
Here on earth, or else below us ?

FAUSTUL. O Mirtile, baculum fixi
Mille locis ubi vixi,
In pistrinis, in popinis,
In coquinis, in culinis,
Huc, & illuc, istic, ibi,
Hausi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progressu Boreali,
Ut processi ab Australi,
Veni Banbery, O prophanum !
Ubi vidi Puritanum,
Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho stravit murem.

Veni Oxford, cui comes
Est Minerva, fons Platonis ;
Unde scatent peramœnè
Aganippe, Hippocrene ;
Totum fit Atheniense,
Imò Cornu Reginense.





FAUSTUL. O Mirtilus, I will show thee,
Thousand places since I saw thee,
In the kidcoat I had switching,
In the tap-house, cook-shop, kitching,
This way, that way, each way shrunk I,
Little eat I, deeply drunk I.

In my progresse travelling Northward,
Taking my farewell o th' Southward,
To Banbery came I, O prophane one!
Where I saw a Puritane-one
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing of a mouse on Sunday.

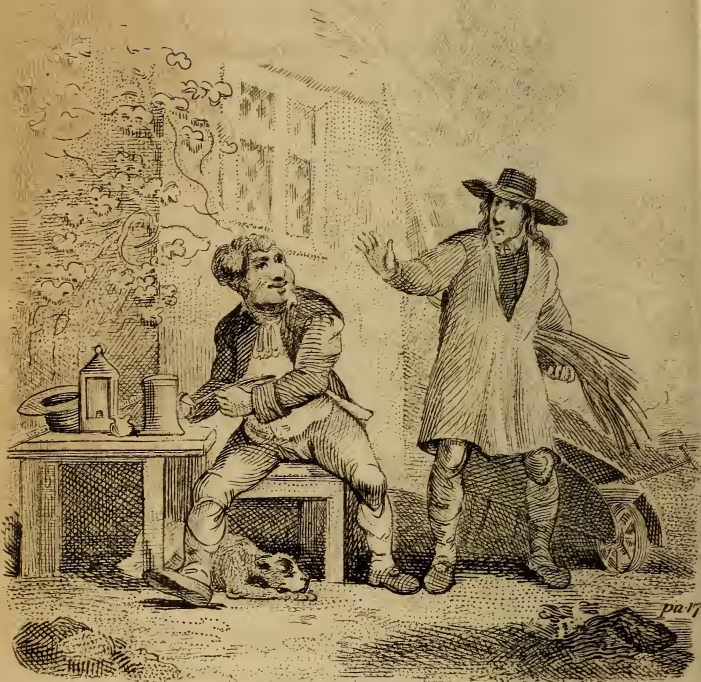
To Oxford came I, whose copesmato
Is Minerva, Well of Plato;
From which seat doe streame most seemlie,
Aganippe, Hippocrene;
Each thing ther's the Muse's minion,
Queenes-College Horn speakes pure Athenian.

Inde Godstow, cum amicis,
Vidi tumbam meretricis ;
ROSAMUNDAM tegit humus,
Pulvis & umbra corpore sumus ;
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
Ordine certo sepelietur.

Inde Woodstock, quò spectandum
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt ; sed spectare nollem,
Reperi vivam Hospitem mollem ;
Gratior sociis est jocundis
Mille mortuis Rosamundis.

Veni Brackley, ubi natus
Stirpe vili Magistratus,
Quem conspexi residentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, “ Male agis,
“ Bibe minus, ede magis.”





Thence to Godsto, with my lovers,
Where a tombe a strumpet covers ;
ROSAMUND lies there interred,
Flesh to dust and shade's compared ;
Lye he 'bove, or lye she under,
To be buried is no wonder.

Thence to Woodstock I resorted,
Where a labyrinth's reported ;
But of that no 'count I tender,
I found an Hostesse quicke and slender :
And her guests more sweetly eying,
Than a thousand Rosamunds dying.

From thence to Brackley, as did beseeme one,
The May'r I saw, a wondrous meane one,
Sitting, thatching and bestowing
On a wind-blowne house a strowing ;
On me calld he, and did charme mee,
“ Drinke lesse, eat more, I doe warne thee.”

Veni Daintre cum puella,
Procerum celebre duello,
Ibi bibi in caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi semper idem,
Donec creta fregit fidem.

Veni Leister ad Campanam,
Ubi mentem læsi sanam;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me Custodes,
Pelle sparsi sunt livores
Meos castigare mores.

Veni Gottam, ubi multos
Si non omnes vidi stultos,
Nam scrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra Lunam,
Alteram nitidam puellam
Offerentem porco sellam.

Thence to Daintree with my jewell,
Famous for a noble duell,
Where I drunk, and took my common
In a taphouse with my woman :
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long chalking broke my credit.

Thence I came to th' Bell at Leister,
Where my braines did need a plaister ;
First night that I was admitted
By the watchmen I was whipped,
Black and blew like any tetter
Beat I was to make me better.

Thence to Gottam, where, sure am I,
Though not all fooles I saw many ;
Here a she-gull found I prancing,
And in moonshine nimbly dancing :
There another wanton madling,
Who her hog was set a sadling.

Veni Nottingham*, tyrones
Sherwoodenses sunt Latrones,
Instar Robin Hood, & Servi
Scarlet & Joannis Parvi;
Passim, sparsim peculantur,
Cellis, sylvis deprædantur.

Veni Mansfield, ubi nôram
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum :
Dedi ictum, egi actum ;

- * Mortimeriados morti dos, gloria pulvis,
Atria sunt frondes, nobilis aula seges.
Nunc gradus anfractus, cisterna fluenta spadonis,
Amplexus vermes, oscula mista rogis.
Clamat tempus, Edo ; vocemque repercutit Ecco ;
Sed nunquam redeo, voce resurgit, ego.
O vos heroës attendite fata sepulchris,
Heroum, patriis qui rediere thoris !
Non estis luti melioris in orbe superbis ;
Hi didicere mori, discite morte sequi.

Thence to Nottingham *, where rovers,
High-way riders, Sherwood drovers,
Like old Robin Hood, and Scarlet,
Or like Little John his varlet ;
Here and there they shew them doughty,
Cells and woods to get their booty.

Thence to Mansfield, where I knew one,
That was comely and a trew one,
With her a naked compact made I,
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I ;

* Brave Mortimer 's now dead, his glory dust,
His courts are clad with grasse, his hall with rust.
His staires steepest steps, his horse-troughs cisterns are,
Worms his embraces, kisses ashes share.
Time cries, I eat, and Ecco answers it ;
But gone, e'er to returne, is held unfit.
O heroes, of these heroes take a view ;
They're to their fathers gone, and so must you !
Of better clay you are not than these men,
And they are dead, and you must follow them.

Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam & ancillam.

Veni Overbowles*, ubi Dani*
Habitarunt tempore Jani ;
Patet oppidanus callis
Circum circa clausus vallis,
Castris, claustris, & speluncis
Tectus cœcis, textus juncis.

Sacra die eò veni,
Ædes Sanctæ erant plenæ,
Quorum percitus exemplo,
Quia hospes erat templo,
Intrans vidi sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo poculis notum.

* Temporibus Jani sedes fuit ultima Dani*,
Conspicuis vallis obsita, fixa palis.

Towne and her I left, being doubtfull
Lest my love had made her fruitfull.

Thence to Overbowles *, where Danus *
Dwelt with's Danes in time of Janus;
Way to th' towne is well disposed,
All about with trenches closed;
Pallisado's hid with bushes,
Rampires overgrowne with rushes.

On a feast day came I thether,
When good people flockt together,
Where (induc'd by their exemple)
I repair'd unto the temple,
Where I heard the Preacher, gravely
With his nose pot-tipt, most bravely.

* In Janus time was Danus * seated here,
As by their pales and trenches may appeare.

Glires erant incolæ villæ,
Iste clamat, dormiunt illi ;
Ipse tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde, veste trita ;
Fortem præ se ferens gestum,
Fregit pedibus suggestum *.

Qua occasione nacta,
Tota grex expergefata †,
Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis gravitèr icto,
Pransum redeunt; unus horum,
Plebem sequor non pastorem.

* Fragmina suggesti sacrarunt fercula festi.

LUCRET.

† O cives, cives, sacris attendite rivis,
Præceptor legerit, vos verò negligitis.

Dormise-like the people seemed,
Though he cride, they sleeping dreamed;
For his life, tho there was harm in't,
Heart was lesse rent than his garment;
With his feet he did so thunder,
As the pulpit* fell asunder.

Which occasion having gotten,
All awake†, the pulpit broken;
While the preacher lay sore wounded,
With more boords than beards surrounded;
All to dinner, who might faster,
And among them I left Pastor.

* The fragments of which pulpit they were pleas't
To sacrifice to th' ashes of their feast. LUCRET.

† Pray you, good townsmen, sacred springs affect,
Let not your preacher read, and you neglect.

Veni Clowne, ubi vellem
Pro liquore dare pellem ;
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi conjugem Vulcani,
Quæ me hospitem tractat bene
Donec restat nil crumenæ.

Veni Rothram usque Taurum,
Et reliqui ibi aurum ;
Diu steti, sed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulsus, doctè
Clam putabam ire nocte.

Veni Doncaster, ubi sitam
Vidi levem & Levitam,
Quæ vieta & vetusta,
Parum pulchra aut venusta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, osculari.

Thence to Clowne came I the quicker,
Where I'de given my skin for liquer;
None was there to entertaine us,
But a nogging of Vulcanus;
Who afford't me welcome plenty,
Till my seame-rent purse grew empty.

Thence to th' Bull at Rothram came I,
Where my gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I stoutly rored,
Till o'th' bridge I broke my forehead,
Whence ashamed, while brows smarted,
I by night-time thence departed.

Thence to Doncaster, who'l beleve it?
Both a light-one and a Levite
There I viewed; too too aged,
Yet to love so farre engaged,
As on earth she only wished
To be painted, pricked, kissed.

Veni Aberford*, ubi notum
Quod aciculis emunt potum,
Pauperes sunt & indigentes,
Multum tamen sitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

Veni Wetherbe †, ubi visam
Clari Ducis meretricem

* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore vico hospitii suscepimus, quidam Acicularius, è grege præ cæte famâ egregius, aciculari pulvere suffocatus, interiit; in cuius memoriam hoc inscriptum comperimus epitaphium.

O Mors crudelis
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem stravisti,
Qui meliorem
Erasit pulverem
Quàm tu de eo fecesti.

† In Corneolo Angiportu,
Sub amœniore horto,
Speciosa manet scorta,
Meretriciâ procans sportâ.

Thence to Aberford*, whose beginning
Came from buying drink with pinning:
Poor they are and very needy,
Yet of liquor too too greedy:
Have they never so much plenty,
Belly makes their purses empty.

Thence to Wetherbe†, where an apt one
To be tweake unto a Captaine

* At such time as we sojourn'd in this poor village,
it chanced that a certaine Pinner, and one of the choicest
of all his flocke, being choaked with pin-dust, dyed; to
whose memory wee find this epitaph indorsed.

O cruell Death!

To rob this man of breath,
Who whil'st he liv'd, in scraping of a pin,
Made better dust than thou hast made of him.

† Neare Horne-Alley, in a garden,
A wench more wanton than Kate Arden
Sojourns, one that scorns a wast-coat,
Wooing clients with her basket.

Amplexurus, porta strepit,
Et strependo Dux me cepit;
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
Et præcipitem foris pellit.

Hinc diverso cursu, serò
Quod audissem de Pindero
Wakefeeldensi, gloria mundi,
Ubi socii sunt jucundi,
Mecum statui peragrarè
Georgii fustem visitare.

Veni Wakefeeld peramœnum,
Ubi quærens Georgium Grenum,
Non inveni, sed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii signum,
Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec Georgio fortior eram.

I embraced, as I gat it:
Door creek'd, Captain tooke me at it:
Took me, and by th'eares he drew me,
And headlong down staires he threw me.

Turning thence, none could me hinder
To salute the Wakefield Pinder;
Who indeed 's the world's glory,
With his cumrades never sorry;
This the cause was, lest you misse it,
Georgies club I meant to visit.

Streight at Wakefeeld I was seene-a,
Where I sought for George a Greene-a,
But I could find no such creature,
On a signe I saw his feature;
Where the strength of ale so stirr'd me,
I grew stouter farre than Geordie.

Veni Bradford; cessi foris
In Familiam Amoris;
Amant istæ & amantur,
Crescunt & multiplicantur;
Spiritus instructi armis,
Nocte colunt opera carnis.

Veni Kighley, ubi montes
Minitantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen sunt sodales,
Festivantes & jucundi,
Ac si domini essent mundi.

Veni Giggleswick; parum frugis
Profert tellus clausa jugis;
Ibi vena * prope viæ
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,

* E gremio collis saliens scatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit & refluit, nil tamen æstus habet.

Thence to Bradford; my tongue blisters
At the Family of Sisters;
They love, are lov'd to no eye-show,
They increase and multiply too;
Furnish'd with their spritely weapons,
She-flesh fees clarks are no capons.

Thence to Kighley, where are mountaines
Steepy-threatning, lively fountaines;
Rising hils, and barraine vallies,
Yet *Bon-Socios* and good fellowes;
Joviall, jocund, jolly bowlers,
As they were the world controulers.

Thence to Giggleswick most sterill,
Hemm'd with rocks and shelves of perill;
Neare to th' way as traveller goeth,
A fresh spring* both ebbes and floweth,

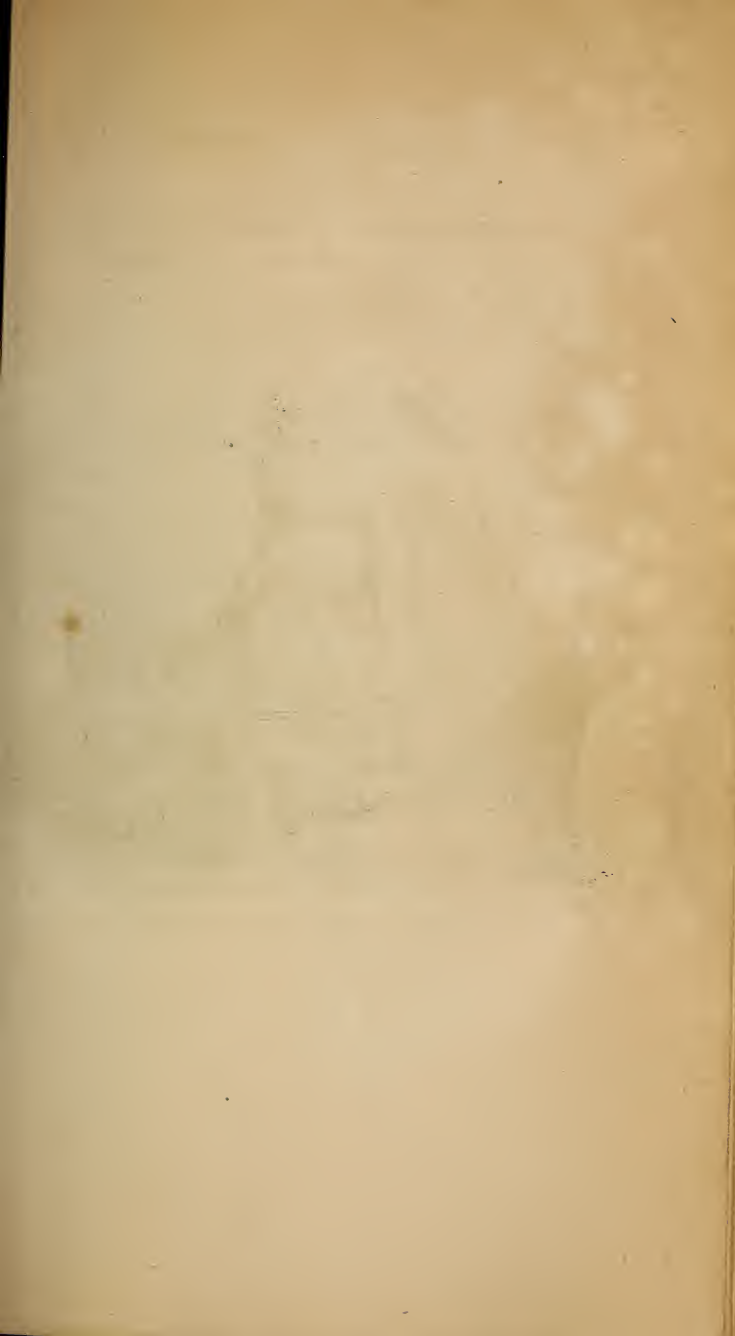
* Neare th' bottom of this hill, close by the way,
A fresh spring ebs and flowes all houres o' th' day.

Neque nôrunt unde vena,
An a sale vel arena.

Veni Clapham, unus horum
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me visit,
Mihi halicem promisit;
Halicem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amoris mei.

Veni Ingleton*, ubi degi
Donec fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres; saxa pluunt:
Queis percussus, timens lædi,
His posteriora dedi.

* Pirgus inest fano, fanum sub acumine collis,
Collis ab elatis actus & auctus aquis.





Neither know the learnd'st that travell
What procures it, salt or gravell.

Thence to Clapham, drawing nyer,
He that was the common cryer
☞ To a breakefast of one herring
Did invite me first appearing.
Herring he, I drinke bestowed,
Pledges of the love we owed.

Thence to Ingleton*, where I dwelled
Till I brake a blacksmith's ball'd head;
Which done, women rush'd in on me,
Stones like haile showr'd down upon me;
Whence amated, fearing harming,
Leave I tooke, but gave no warning.

* The poore man's box is in the temple set,
Temple on hill, th' hill is by waters bet.

Veni Lonesdale, ubi cernam
Aulam factam in tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Veni Cowbrow, vaccæ collem,
Ubi hospitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu;
Tremulo cursu, trepido cultu,
Uti bibula titubat vates,
Donec cecidit supra nates.

Veni Natland, eò ventus,
Eboraci qui contemptus
Colligit, hospitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,
Semipotus, sicut usi,
Circa *Maypole* plebe lusi.

Thence to Lonesdale, where I viewed
An hall which like a tavern shewed;
Neate gates, white walls, nought was sparing,
Pots brim-full, no thought of caring;
They eat, drink, laugh, are still mirth-making,
Nought they see that's worth care taking.

Thence to Cowbrow, truth I'll tell ye,
Mine hostesse had a supple bellie,
Bodie plumpe, and count'nance cheerfull,
Reeling pace (a welcome fearfull),
Like a drunken hag she stumbled,
Till she on her buttocks tumbled.

Thence to Natland, being come thither,
He who York's contempts did gather
Gave me harbour; light as fether
We both drunke and eat together,
Till halfe-typsy, as it chanced,
We about the Maypole danced.

Veni Kirkland, veni Kendall,
Omnia hausi, vulgo, *spend-all*,
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum mistum pice.
“Tege caput, tende manum,
“Manu caput fit insanum.”

His relictis, Staveley vidi,
Ubi tota nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, semper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi cœtus,
Queis jurando sum mansurus,
Donec Barnabe rediturus.

FINIS.

Thence to Kirkland, thence to Kendall,
I did that which men call spend-all:
Night and day with sociats many
Drunk I ale both thick and clammy.
“Shroud thy head, boy, stretch thy hand too,
“Hand h’as done, head cannot stand to.”

Leaving these, to Staveley came I,
Where now all night drinking am I,
Alwayes frolick, free from yellows,
With a consort of good fellows,
Where I’le stay, and end my journay,
Till brave Barnabe returne-a.

FINIS.

IN BACCI THYRSUM
ET BARNABÆ NASUM;

EPIGRAMMA :

ALIAS

NASUTUM DILEMMA.

Hædera læta bono non est suspensa falerno,
Thyrus enim Bacci Barnabæ nasus erit.
Non opus est thyrsos, non fronde virente cupressi,
Si non thyrsus erit, Barnabe nasus olet.

COROLLARIUM.

Non thyrsus, thyasus ; cyathus tibi thyrsus et
ursus,
Thyrus quo redolet, ursus ut intus olet.

UPON BACCHUS' BUSH
AND BARNABEE'S NOSE;

AN EPIGRAM :

OR

NOSE-TWITCHING DILEMME.

Good wine no bush it needs, as I suppose,
Let Bacchus' bush bee Barnabee's rich nose.
No bush, no garland needs of cipresse greene,
Barnabee's nose may for a bush be seene.

COROLLARIE.

No bush, no garland ; pot's thy bush and
beare :
Of beare and bush thou smellest all the yeere.

BARNABÆ
ITINERARIUM.

PARS SECUNDA.

AUTHORE CORYMBÆO.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?

BARNABEE'S
JOURNAL.

THE SECOND PART.

By CORYMBŒUS.

Ore-flowing cups whom have they not made learn'd ?

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

PARS SECUNDA.

MIRTIL. FAUSTÈ (Faustule) rediisti;
 Narra (precor) quò venisti;
 Villas, vicos, visitasti,
 Coetus, situs, peragrasti;
 Certè scis ab Aquilone
 Multum mali, parum boni.

FAUSTUL. Ille ego sum qui quondam,
 Crines, mores, vestes nondum
 Sunt mutatæ, nam recessi
 Calceamentis queis discessi,
 Neque pectine usus fui,
 Sic me meis juvat frui.

BARNABEE'S JOURNALL.

THE SECOND PART.

MIRTIL. FAUSTULUS ! happily returned ;
 Tell me, pray thee, where th'st journeyed ;
 What townes, villages, th'ast viewed,
 What seats, sites, or states, were shewed ;
 Sure thou know'st the North's uncivill,
 Small good comes thence, but much evill.

FAUSTUL. What I was once, same I am now,
 Haire, conditions, garments same too ;
 Yea, there's no man justly doubteth,
 These the same shooes I went out with :
 And for combe I ne'er us'd any,
 Lest I lost some of my meney.

Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi ;
Pontes*, fontes, montes, valles,
Caulas, cellas, colles, calles,
Vias, villas, vicos, vices,
Castas cautas, meretrices.

Dicam (quod mirandum) verum,
Non pauperior sum quàm eram,
Uno nec quadrante ditior,
Lautior, lætior, nec foelicior,
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
Minùs sanus, magis æger.

Ego enim mundum totum
Tanti esse quanti potum

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, ecclesia, foemina, lana.

But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated ;
Bridges*, fountaines, mountaines, valleis,
Cauls, cells, hillocks, high-wayes, shallows,
Paths, towns, villages, and trenches ;
Chast-choice-chary-merry wenches.

Truth I'le tell thee, nothing surer,
Richer am I not, nor poorer ;
Gladder, madder, nor more pleasing,
Blither, brisker, more in season ;
Better, worser, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthfuller nor sicker.

For the world, I so farre prize it,
But for liquor I'd despise it :

* England, amongst all nations, is most full
Of hills, wells, bridges, churches, women, wooll.

Semper duxi : mori mallet
Nobilem quam vitare allam :
“ Sobrius, similis apparet agno ;
“ Ebrius, Alexandro Magno.”

Leviore nam mæandro
Capite capto, sum Lysandro
Multò fortior, et illæsum
Puto me capturum Rhesum :
Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
Nunc descendam ad Progressum.

Primò occurrit peragranti
Oppidum* Johannis Ganti,
Sedes nota & vetusta,
Mendicantibus onusta,
Janitorem habens qualem
Mundus vix ostendet talem.

* Scinditur à clivo turris, bitumine murus ;
Mœnia sic propriis sunt reditura rogis.

Thousand deaths I'd rather dye too
Than hold ale mine enemy too :
“ Sober, lamb-like doe I wander ;
“ Drunk, I'm stout as Alexander.”

When my head feeles his mæander,
I am stronger than Lysander :
Th' Ile of Ree I little feare it
Without wound to winne and weare it ;
But lest tedious I expresse me,
To my Progresse I'le addresse me.

First place where I first was knowne-a,
Was brave John a Gant's old towne-a * :
A seat antiently renowned,
But with store of beggars drowned ;
For a Jaylor ripe and mellow,
The world has not such a fellow.

* An ancient arch doth threaten a decline,
And so must strongest piles give way to time.

Veni Ashton, ubi vinum,
Militem, & heroinam,
Clarum, charum, & formosam;
Damam, domum speciosam
Vidi; mersi mero Musam,
Donec pes amisit usum.

Veni Garestang, ubi malè
Intrans forum bestiale,
Fortè vacillando vico
Huc & illuc cum amico,
In juvencæ dorsum rui
Cujus cornu læsus fui.

Veni Preston, ductus eram
Ad bacchantem Banisterum,
Ac si una stirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati;
Septem dies ibi mansi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pransi.

Thence to Ashton, good as may be
Was the wine, brave knight, bright ladie ;
All I saw was comely specious,
Seemly gracious, neatly precious ;
My Muse with Bacchus so long traded,
When I walkt, my legs denaid it.

Thence to Garestang, pray you harke it,
Ent'ring there a great beast-market,
As I jogged on the street-a
'Twas my fortune for to meet-a
A young heyfer, who before her
Tooke me up and threw me o'er her.

Thence to Preston, I was led-a
To brave Banister's to bed-a ;
As two borne and bred together,
We were presently sworne brether ;
Seven dayes were me there assigned,
Oft I supt, but never dined.

Veni Euxston, ubi hospes
Succi plena, corpore sospes,
Crine sparso, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando;
Qua relictæ cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit Phillis.

Veni Wiggin prope cœnam,
Ad hospitulam obscœnam;
Votis meis fit secunda,
Ebria fuit & jocunda;
Sparsit anus intellectum,
Me relicto, minxit lectum.

Veni Newton in Salictis,
Ubi ludens chartis pictis
Cum puella speciosa,
Cujus nomen erat Rosa*,
Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandum quam amavi.

* Quàm Rosa spiravit ! sed odoribus Aquilo flavit,
Et rugas retulit quas meminisse dolet.

Thence to Euxston, where mine hostesse
Feeles as soft as any tost is;
Jucy, lusty, count'nance toothsome,
Braided haire, but breath most loathsome;
Her I left with locks of amber,
Phyllis light me to my chamber.

Thence to Wiggin about supper,
To an hostesse none more slutter;
Buxome was she yet to see to,
She'd be drunk for companie too;
Wit this beldam soon did scater,
And in bed distill'd her water.

Thence to Newton in the Willows,
Where being boustred up with pillows,
I at cards plaid with a girle,
Rose* by name, a dainty pearle,
At Cent-foot I often moved
Her to love me whom I loved.

* Fresh was my Rose, till by a northwind tost,
She sap, sent, verdure, and her vigour lost.

Veni Warrington, profluentes
Rivos ripas transeuntes
Spectans, multò satiùs ratus
Mergi terris quàm in aquis,
Vixi lautè, bibi lætè,
Donec aquas signant metæ.

Veni Budworth usque Gallum,
Ubi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus;
Mihi mirus affuit status,
A duobus sum portatus.

Sed amore captus grandi
Visitandi Thomam Gandi,
Holmi petii Sacellum,
Ubi conjugem & puellam
Vidi pulchras; licet serò,
Has neglexi, mersus mero.

Thence to Warrington, banks or'eflowed,
Travellers to th' towne were rowed;
Where, supposing it much better
To be drown'd on land than water,
Sweetly, neatly, I sojourned
Till that deluge thence returned.

Thence to Cock at Budworth, where I
Drunk strong ale as browne as berry;
Till at last with deep-healths felled,
To my bed I was compelled:
I for state was bravely sorted,
By two poulterers supported.

Where no sooner understand I
Of mine honest hoast Tom Gandi,
To Holme Chappell forthwith set I;
Maid and hostesse both were prety,
But to drinke tooke I affection,
I forgot soone their complexion.

Hinc ad Tauk-a-hill perventum,
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus :
Quo relicto, Cythera sponte
Cornua fixit Lemnia fronte.

Novo-Castro subter Linum
Mulsum propinavi vinum ;
Nullus ibi fit scelestus,
Vox clamantis in suggestis ;
Portas castitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Veni Stone ad Campanam,
Vidi Deliam * non Dianam ;
Hic suspectam habens vitam,
Pastor gregis Jesuitam
Me censebat, sed incertas
Nil invenit præter chartas.

* O mellea, mea Delia !

Thence to Tauke-a-Hill resort I,
An hill steepy, slippery, durty ;
Smith with me being well acquainted
Drunk with me till 's wits were tainted :
Having left me, Venus swore it,
She'd shooe-horn her Vulcan's forehead.

At New-Castle under Line-a,
There I trounc'd it in burnt wine-a ;
None o' th' wicked there remained,
Weekly lectures were proclaimed :
Chastity they roughly handle,
While blind zeale snuffs out the candle.

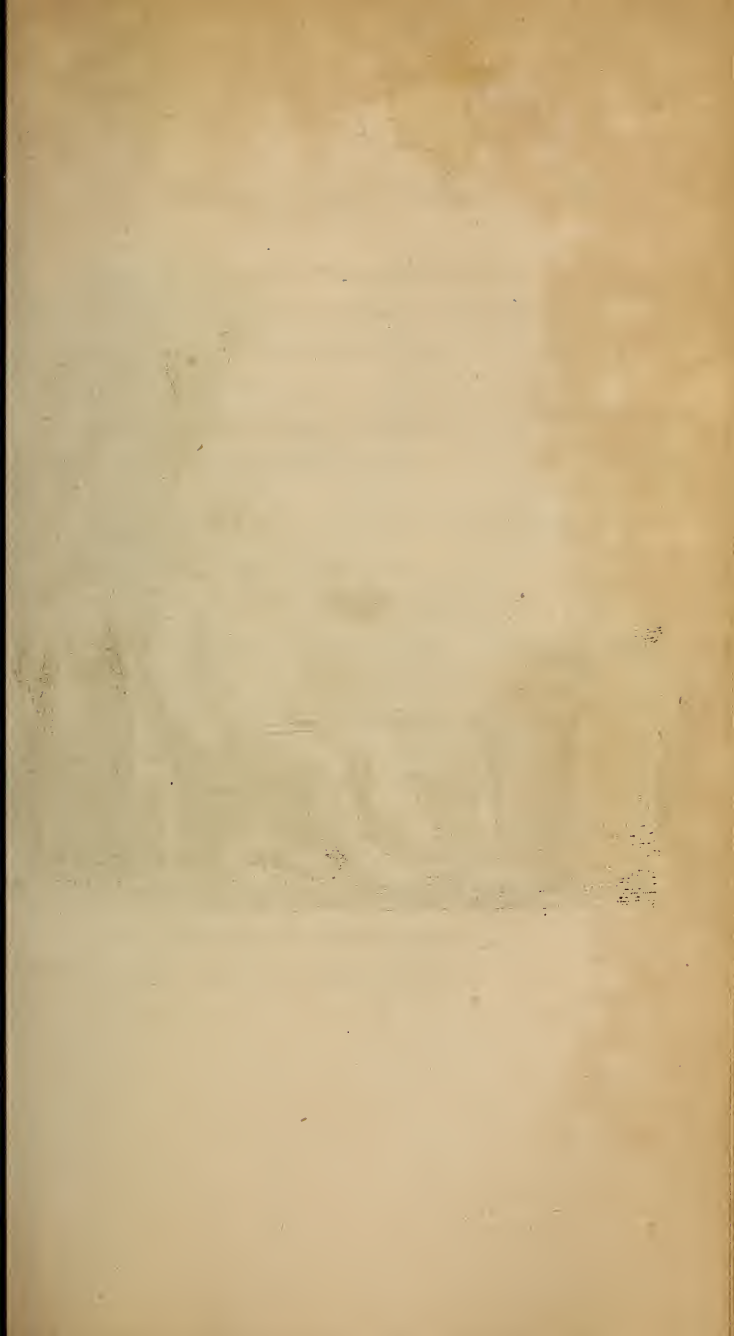
Thence to th' Bell at Stone streight draw I,
Delia* no Diana saw I ;
By the Parson I was cited,
Who held me for Jesuited ;
In his search, the door fast locked,
Nought but cards were in my pocket.

* O my honeysuckle Delia !

Haywood properans malignam,
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mihi hospes; sed quid restat?
Calices haurire præstat:
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quàm mutare potu cibum.

Veni Ridgelay, ubi faber
Cui liquor summus labor,
Mecum bibit; nocte data
Mihi matula perforata,
Vasis crimine detecto,
Fit oceanus in lecto.

Veni Bruarton, Claudî domum,
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem;
Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma byne instar vini.





Thence to Haywood taking flight-a,
The hostesse gave me brawne at night-a:
But, what's that unto the matter?
Whiskins sorted with my nature:
To brave Bacchus no gift quicker
Than oblations of strong liquor.

Thence to Ridgelay, where a black-smith,
Liquor being all hee'd take with,
Boused with me ; mid-night waking,
And a looking-glasse there taking,
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lye wet till morrow.

Thence to Bruarton, old Claudus
Did approve us and applaud us ;
Where I heard a wofull bleating,
A curst wife her husband beating:
Neighbour rode for this default-a,
While I dyde my front with malt-a.

Inde Lichfield* properabam,
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobscoenum opibus plenum,
Ad sumendum mecum cœnam ;
Hausto vinò, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni Colesill, ad macellum,
Ubi in cervisiam cellam
Fortè ruens, cella sordet,
Uxor mulcet, ursa mordet ;
Sed ut lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

Veni Meredin, meri-die,
Ubi longæ fessus viæ,
Hospitem in genu cepi,
Et ulteriùs furtim repi ;
Cum qua propinando mansi,
Donec sponsam sponsum sensi.

* Cautibus, arboribus, cînaris, frondentibus herbis,
Crevit in ecclesiam vallis opima tuam.

Thence to Lichfield* went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A curmudgeon rich but nasty,
To a supper of a pasty :
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,
What I spent the miser lended.

Thence to Colesill, to a shamble
Like an old fox did I amble,
To a cellar, troth I'le tell ye,
Fusty, musty, headlong fell I :
But the butcher having made-a
Th' fire his bed, no more I staid-a.

Thence at Meredin appeare I,
Where growne surfoot and sore weary,
I repos'd, where I chuckt Jone-a,
Felt her pulse, would further gone-a :
There we drunk, and no guest crost us,
Till I tooke the hoast for th' hostesse.

* Inclos'd with cliffs, trees, sciennes, artichokes,
The fruitfull vale up to thy temple lookes.

Veni Coventre, ubi dicunt
Quod cæruleum filum texunt;
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim empsi foro,
Nec discerni juxta morem,
Lignum, lucem, nec colorem.

Veni Dunchurch per latrones
Ad lurcones & lenones;
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem;
Etsi dives metu satur,
Cantet vacuus viator.

Manè Daintre ut venissem,
Corculum quod reliquissem
Avidè quærens per musæum,
Desponsatam esse eam
Intellexi; qua audita,
“Vale (dixi) Proselyta.”

Thence to Coventre, where 'tis said-a
Coventre blew is only made-a;
This I know not, for sure am I,
In no market bought I any:
Bacchus made me such a scholer,
Black nor blew, I knew no colour.

Thence to Dunchurch, where report is
Of pimps, punks, a great resort is;
But to me none such appeared,
Bung nor bung-hole I ne're feared:
Though the rich chrone have feares plenty,
Safe he sings whose purse is empty.

At Daintre earely might you find me,
But not th' wench I left behind me:
Neare the schoole-house where I boused,
Her I sought, but she was spoused;
Which I having heard that night-a,
“Farewell (quoth I) *Proselyta.*”

Veni Wedon, ubi varii
Omnis gentis tabellarii
Convenissent, donec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus:
“Solvite, sodales læti,
“Plus reliqui* quàm accepi.”

Veni Tosseter die Martis,
Ubi baccalaureum artis
Bacchanalia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.

Veni Stratford, ubi Grenum
Procis procam, Veneris venam,
Nulla tamen forma jugis,
Verdor † oris perit rugis;

* Nauseanti stomacho effluunt omnia.

† Vere fruor titulo, non sanguine, fronte, capillo;
Nomine si vireo, vere tamen pereor.

Thence to Wedon, there I tarried
In a waggon to be carried;
Carriers there are to be found-a,
Who will drink till th' world run round-a:
“ Pay, good fellows, I’le pay nought heere,
“ I have left more than I brought heere*.”

Thence to Tosseter on a Tuesday,
Where an artfull batchler chus’d I
To consort with; we ne’er budged,
But to Bacchus’ revels trudged:
All the night-long sat we at it,
Till we both grew heavy pated.

Thence to Stratford, where Frank Green-a†,
Daintiest doe that e’re was seene-a,
Venus varnish, me saluted,
But no beauty long can sute it;

* My queasy stomach making bold
To give them that it could not hold.

† Green is my name, from him whom I obey,
But tho’ my name be Green, my head is gray.

Flos ut viret semel aret,
Forma spreta procis caret.

Tenens cursum & decorum,
Brickhill, ubi Juniozem,
Veni, vidi, propter mentem
Unum octo sapientum;
Sonat vox ut Philomela,
Ardet nasus ut candela.

Hocklayhole ut accessissem,
Cellam Scyllam incidissem,
Antro similem Inferni,
Aut latibulo Lavernæ;
Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quàm Orlando.

Veni Dunstable, ubi mures
Intus reptant, extus fures;
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento coetu;

Beauty feedeth, beauty fadeth,
Beauty lost, her wooer vadeth.

Holding on my journey longer,
Streight at Brickhill, with Tom Younger
I arriv'd ; one by this cheese-a
Styl'd the eighth wise man of Greece-a,
Voyce more sweet than Progne's sister,
Like a torch his nose doth glister.

To Hocklayhole as I approached,
Scylla's barmy cell I broached,
Darke as th' cave of Pluto's station,
Or Laverna's habitation:
Quaffing there while I could stand-o,
Madder grew I than Orlando.

'Thence to Dunstable, all about me,
Mice within, and thieves without me;
But no feare affrights deep drinkers,
There I tost it with my skinkers:

Pars ingenii mansit nulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni Redburne, ubi mimi
Neque medii, neque primi:
Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano gestu situs,
Convivalem* cecinit odem,
Heus tu corrige diploidem!

Illinc stomacho inani
Petii oppidum Albani†,
Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
Dirigentem ad Londinum

Actor.

* Dapes convivio, sapore vario.

Auctor.

Diplois spatio lataque medio.
Corrige diploidem, egregie nebulo.

† Hic Albanus erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

Not a drop of wit remained
Which the bottle had not drained.

Thence to Redburne, where were players,
None of Roscius' actiue heyres:
Prologue crown'd with a wreath of ivy,
Jetted like an ape most lively:
I told them sitting at the banket*,
They should be canvas'd in a blanket.

From thence with a stomack empty
To the towne of Albane† went I,
Where with wine I was so undon,
As the hand which guides to London

Actor.

* Even as in a ban-a-quet are dish-es
of sun-dry ta-ast,

Author.

Even so is thy doo-blet too long
i'th' wa-ast;

Goe mend it, thou knave, goe mend it.

† Here Alban was; his tombe, his title too:

"All Albion shew me such an Alban now."

Manum manu cepi mea,
Ac si socia esset ea.

Veni Barnet signo Bursæ,
Ubi convenissent ursi,
Propinquant duo horum,
Parùm studiosi morum,
Subligacula dente petunt,
Quo posteriora foetent.

Veni Highgate, quo prospexi
Urbem* perditè quam dilexi,
Hîc tyronibus exosum
Hausi cornu tortuosum,
Ejus memorans salutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.

* Tot colles Romæ, quot sunt spectacula Trojæ,
Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo :
Ista manet Trojæ spectacula: 1. Busta, 2. Gigantes,
3. Histrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Ursa. 7. Le-
ones.

In my blind hand I receaved,
And her more acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' Purse at Barnet known-a,
There the beares were come to town-a:
Two rude hunks, 'tis troth I tell ye,
Drawing neare them, they did smell me:
And like two mis-shapen wretches
Made me, ay me, wrong my bretches.

Thence to Highgate, where I viewed
City* I so dearely loved,
And th' horne of matriculation
Drunk to th' freshmen of our nation;
To his memory saluted
Whose branch'd head was last cornuted.

* Seven hils there were in Rome, and so there be
Seven sights in New-Troy crave our memorie :

1. Tombes, 2. Guild-Hall Giants, 3. Stage plaies, 4. Bed-
lam poore.

5. Ostrich, 6. Beare-Garden, 7. Lyons in the Towre.

Veni Hollowell, Pileum rubrum,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me Adonidem vocant omnes
Meretrices Babylonis;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem foris pulsan.

Veni Islington ad Leonem,
Ubi spectans histrionem
Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiscentem sales,
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

Ægrè jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermanni-bury
Primò petii, qua exosa
Sentina, Holburni Rosa
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli Griphem Veteris Bayly.

Thence to Hollowell, Mother Red-cap,
In a troupe of trulls I did hap;
Whoors of Babylon me impalled,
And me their Adonis called;
With me toy'd they, buss'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pull'd me.

Thence to Islington at Lion,
Where a-juggling I did spy one
Nimble with his mates consorting,
Mixing cheating with his sportiug;
Creeping into th' case of 's viall,
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left; I in a fury
To the Axe in Alder-bury
First arrived, that place slighted,
I at Rose in Holborne lighted:
From the Rose in flaggons sayle I
To the Griphin i'th' Old-Bayly.

Ubi experrectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias indiès spectro,
Quò victurus, donec æstas
Rure curas tollet mœstas;
Festus FAUSTULUS & festivus,
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.

Ego etiam & sodales
Nunc Galerum Cardinalis
Visitantes, vi Minervæ
Bibimus ad Cornua Cervi,
Sed Actæon anxius horum,
Luce separat uxorem

Where no sooner doe I 'waken
Than to Three Cranes am I taken;
Where I lodge, and am no starter
Till I see the summer quarter.
Pert is FAUSTULUS, and pleasing,
Cup brimfull, and corpse in season.

Yea, my merry mates and I too
Oft to th' Cardinal's Hat fly to,
Where to Harts Horns we carouse it,
As Minerva doth infuse it:
But Actæon, sick o' th' yellows,
Mewes his wife up from good fellows.

Sub sigillo Tubi fumantis & Thyrsi
flammantis, motu Mulciberi,
naso-flagrantis.

Officina juncta Baccho
Juvenilem fert tabacco,
Uti libet, tunc signata,
Quæ impressio nunc mutata,
Uti fiet, nota certa
Qua delineatur charta.

Τέλος, sine telis non typis.

FINIS.

Under th' signe of Pipe still fuming,
And the Bush for ever flaming;
Mulciber the motion moving,
With nose-burning master shaming.

A shop neighbouring neare Iacco,
Where Young vends his old tobacco:
As you like it, sometimes sealed,
Which impression since repealed:
As you make it, he will have it,
And in chart and front engrave it.

Harmelesse, but no artlesse end
Cloze I here unto my friend.

FINIS.

IN ERRATA.

Inter accipitrem & buteonem,
 Juxta phrasem percommunem,
 Spectans ista typis data,
 Hæc comperui Errata;
 Quæ si corrigas (candide lector)
 Plena coronet pocula nectar.

A vertice ad calcem
 Erratis admove falcem.

Errando, disco.

Jam* Venus vinis reditura venis,
 Jam Venus venis peritura plenis,
 am Venus venis patitur serenis,
 Nectare plenis.

* Sopor nam vinis provocatur venis,
 Cui nulla magis inimica Venus.

UPON THE ERRATA'S.

Betwixt hawke and buzzard, ô man,
 After th' phraze of speech so common,
 Having seene this Journall at print,
 I found these Eratas in it;
 Which if thou correct (kind reader,)
 Nectar be thy muse's feeder.

From the head unto the foot,
 Nought but Error, looke unto't.

This observation have I found most true;
 Erring, I learne mine errors to subdue.

Now Venus pure veines are with wines inflamed,
 Now Venus full veines are by wines restrained:
 For Venus swolne veines are by Morpheus
 chained,
 From folly wained.

BARNABÆ
ITINERARIUM.

PARS TERTIA.

AUTHORE CORYMBŒO.

Inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho.

BARNABEE'S
JOURNAL.

THE THIRD PART.

BY CORYMBŒUS.

Full-blowne my veines are, and so well they may,
With brimming healths of wine drunk yesterday.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

ITINERIS BOREALIS

PARS TERTIA.

MIRTIL. IO FAUSTULE! gratulantur

Qui te amant & amantur,

Te incolumem rediturum!

Spreta curia, pone curam,

Narra vias quas calcasti,

Queis spirasti, quas spectasti.

Ne Ephesios Diana

Fit celebriore fama;

Omnes omnia de te fingunt,

Statuam pictores pingunt;

Tolle metum, mitte moram,

Fac te clarum viatorem.

BARNABEE'S JOURNALL.

HIS NORTHERNE JOURNEY :

THE THIRD PART.

MIRTIL. **W**HUP FAUSTULUS! all draw ny thee
 That doe love thee, or lov'd by thee,
 Joying in thy safe returning;
 Leave court, care, and fruitlesse mourning;
 Way th'ast walked, pray thee shew it,
 Where th'ast lived, what th'ast viewed.

Not th' Ephesian Diana
 Is of more renoumed fam-a;
 Acting wonders all invent thee,
 Painters in their statues paint thee;
 Banish feare, remove delay man,
 Shew thy selfe a famous way-man.

FAUSTUL. Mitte moram, tolle metum !
Quis me unquam minùs lætum
Cum adversis agitatum,
Aut secundis tam inflatum
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me superbiorem ?

Aspernarer ego mundum,
Nisi mundus me jucundum
Bonis sociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctis siti
Celebraret; adi, audi,
Et progressu meo gaude.

Primo die satur vino
Veni Islington à Londino,
Iter arduum & grave,
Serò tamen superavi,

FAUSTUL. Leave delay, and be not fearfull!
Why, who e're saw me lesse cheerfull
When I was by Fortune cuffed,
Or by Fortune's smiles so puffed,
As I shew'd my selfe farre prouder
Than when she more scornfull shew'd her?

For the world, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I should despise her,
Had she in her no good fellow
That would drinke till he grew mellow:
Draw neare and heare, thou shalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my travall.

First day, having drunk with many,
To Islington from London came I,
Journey long, and grievous wether,
Yet the ev'ning brought me thether;

Acta vespertina scena
Siccior eram quàm arena.

Veni Kingsland, terram regis,
Speciosam coetu gregis,
Equum ubi fatigantem,
Vix ulterius spatiantem,
Nec verberibus nec verbis
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Veni Totnam altam Crucem,
Quò discessi ante lucem;
Hospes sociis parùm caret,
Nemo Faustulum spectaret;
Pratum stratum, & cubile
O piaculum! fit fœnile.

Ut reliqui Crucem Altam,
Lento cursu petii Waltham,

Having t'ane my pots by th' fier,
Summer sand was never dryer.

Thence to Kingsland, where were feeding
Cattell, sheepe, and mares for breeding;
As I found it, there I feared
That my Rozinant was wear'ed:
When he would jog on no faster,
Loose I turn'd him to the pasture.

Thence to Tot'nam-high-crosse turning,
I departed 'fore next morning:
Hostesse on her guests so doted,
Faustulus was little noted:
To an hay-loft I was led in,
Boords my bed, and straw my bedding.

Having thus left High-Crosse early,
I to Waltham travelled fairly,

In hospitium Oswaldi,
Qui mî regiam Theobaldi*
Monstrat domum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.

Veni Hodsdon, stabant foris
Chartis pictis impostores,
Queis deceptis, notis causis,
Ante Eirenarcham pacis
Eos duxi; ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.

* De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.

O Domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ!
An vestrum est mundi lumine clausa mori?
Regia quo sponsi pietas dedit oscula sponsæ,
Et spirare Sabæ vota suprema suæ!

To the hospitall of Oswald,
And that princely seat of The'bald*;
There all night I drunk old sack-a
With my bed upon my back-a.

Thence to Hodsdon, where stood watching
Cheats who liv'd by conicatching:
False cards brought me, with them plaid I,
Deare for their acquaintance paid I;
'Fore a Justice they appeared,
Them he praised, me he jeered.

* Of the King's House at Tibbals.

This seat, this royall object of the sight,
Shall it for ever bid the world good night?
Where our preceding kings enjoy'd such blisse,
And seal'd their amorous fancies with a kisse!

Veni Ware, ubi belli
Saltus, situs, & Amwelli
Amnes lenem dantes sonum,
Qui ditarunt Middletonum:
Sunt spectati more miti,
“O si essent aqua vitæ!”

Veni Wademill, ubi ritè
Pleno cyatho dempta siti,
Quidam clamitant jocosè,
Me spectantes otiosè,
Co-ementem hæc flagella,
“Ubi equus, ubi sella?”

Veni Puckridge, eò ventum
Mendicantes ferè centum
Me præcingunt; dixi verum,
“Quod pauperior illis eram;”
Quo responso, mente una
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Thence to Ware, where mazie Amwell
Mildly cuts the southerne chanell;
Rivers streaming, banks resounding,
Middleton with wealth abounding:
Mightily did these delight me;
“O, I wish'd them *aqua vitæ*!”

Thence to Wademill, where I rest me
For a pot, for I was thirstie;
On me cryde they, and did hout me,
And like beetles flockt about me:
“Buy a whip, sir! No, a laddle?”
“Where's your horse, sir? where your saddle?”

Thence at Puckridge I reposed,
Hundred beggars me inclosed:
“Beggars,” quoth I, “you are many,
“But the poorest of you am I;”
They no more did me importune,
Leaving me unto my fortune.

Veni Buntingford, ad senilem
Hospitem, & juvenilem
Conjugem, quæ scit affari
Placidè, lepidè osculari;
Area florida, frutice suavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni Roiston, ibi seges,
Prata, sata, niveæ greges;
Ubi pedes pii regis;
Hinc evolvens Fati* leges,
Mihi dixi: " Quid te pejus,
Ista legens, malè deges?"

* Pascua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, saltus,
Ocia regis erant, rege sed ista ruent.

Thence to Buntingford right trusty,
Bedrid host; but hostesse lusty,
That can chat and chirpe it neatly,
And in secret kisse you sweetly;
Here are arbours decked gaily,
Where the buntin warbles daily.

Thence to Roiston, there grasse groweth,
Medes, flocks, fields the plowman soweth;
Where a pious prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented:
“ Since all flesh to Fate’s * a debter,
“ Retchlesse wretch, why liv’st no better?”

* Fields, floods, wasts, woods, deare, dogs with well-
tun’d crye,
Are sports for kings, yet kings with these must dye.

Veni Caxston, paupere tecto,
Sed pauperiore lecto :
Quidam habent me suspectum
Esse maculis infectum
Pestis, unde exui vestem,
Vocans hospitem in testem.

Veni Cambridge, prope Vitem,
Ubi Musæ satiant sitim;
Sicut muscæ circa finum,
Aut scintillæ in caminum,
Me clausurunt juxta murum,
Denegantes rediturum.

Media nocte siccior essem
Ac si nunquam ebibissem,
Sed pudore parùm motus,
Hinc discessi semi-potus:
Luci, loci paludosi,
Sed scholares speciosi.

Thence to Caxston, I was led in
To a poor house, poorer bedding :
Some there were had me suspected,
That with plague I was infected;
So as I starke naked drew me,
Calling the hostesse streight to view me.

Thence to Cambridge where the Muses
Haunt the Vine-bush, as their use is;
Like sparks up a chimney warming,
Or flyes neare a dung-hill swarming.
In a ring they did inclose me,
Vowing they would never lose me.

'Bout mid-night for drinke I call, sir,
As I had drunke nought at all, sir :
But all this did little shame me,
Tipsy went I, tipsy came I :
Grounds, greenes, groves, are wet and homely,
But the schollers wondrous comely.

Veni Godmanchester*, ubi
Ut Ixion captus nube,
Sic elusus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum se adire vellet,
Spondet, sponsum sed fefellit.

Veni Huntingdon, ubi cella
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hospes me suspectum habens,
Et in cellam tacitè labens ;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Pinxi memet perægrotum.

Veni Harrington, bonum omen !
Verè amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni dedi nummum,
Et fortunæ penè summum,
Indigenti postulanti,
Benedictionem danti.

* Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat,
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit.

Thence to Godmanchester*, by one
With a clowd, as was Ixion,
Was I gull'd; she had no fellow,
Her soft lips were moist and mellow;
All night vow'd she to lye by me,
But the giglet came not ny me.

Thence to Huntington, in a cellar,
With a wench was there a dweller,
I did bargaine, but suspected
By the hoast, who her affected,
Down the staires he hurr'd quickly,
While I made me too too sickly.

Thence to Harrington, be it spoken!
For name-sake I gave a *token*
To a beggar that did crave it,
And as cheerfully receive it;
More he need't not me importune,
For 'twas th' utmost of my fortune.

* An aged oake takes of this towne survey;
Findes birds their nests, tels passengers their way

Veni Stonegatehole nefandum,
Ubi contigit memorandum.
Quidam servus atturnati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus merè,
Ut coiret muliere.

Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improvisum eum cepit,
Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,
Et post herum nudum misit:
Manibus vinctis sellæ locat,
Hinnit equus, servus vocat.

Cogitemus atturnatum
Suspicantem hunc armatum
Properantem deprædari,
Uti strenuè calcari:
Currit herus, metu teste,
Currit servus sine veste.

Thence to Stonegatehole, I'l tell here
Of a story that befell there;
One who served an attorney,
Ta'en with beauty in his journey,
Seeing a coppice, hastens thither,
Purposely to wanton with her.

As these privately conferred,
A rover tooke him unprepared,
Search't his port-mantua, bound him faster,
And sent him naked to his master:
Set on's saddle with hands tyed,
Th' horse he neyed, man he cryed.

Th' attorney, when he had discerned
One, he thought, behind him, armed
In *white armour*, stoutly sturr'd him,
For his jade hee keenly spurr'd him:
Both run one course to catch a gudgeon,
This nak't, that frighted to their lodging.

Psallens Sautry*, tumulum veni,
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,
Ubi Rainsford jus fecisset,
Et pastorem condidisset:
Vidi, ridi, & avari
Rogo rogos sic tractari.

Veni ad Collegium purum,
Cujus habent multi curam;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, fratres & sorores:
Unum tenent, unà tendunt,
Omnes omnia sacris vendunt.

* Urna sacellani viventis imago sepulti,
Quique aliis renuit busta, sepultus erat.

Egregium illud Sautrys sacrarium sacerdotis avari retinuit memoriam.

Singing along down Sautry* laning,
I saw a tombe one had beene laine in;
And inquiring, one did tell it,
'Twas where Rainsford buried th' prelat:
I saw, I smil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy priests might so be fitted.

To th' Newfounded College came I,
Commended to the care of many;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatsoe'er's behoving:
These hold and walke together wholly,
And state their lands on uses holy.

* Here of the whip a covetous priest did lick;
Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that chappell of Sautry,
reteining still with her that covetous priest's memory.

An sint isti corde puro,
Parum scio, minus curo;
Si sint, non sunt hypocritæ
Orbe melioris vitæ :
Cellam, scholam, & sacellum
Pulchra vidi supra stellam.

Veni Stilton, lento more,
Sine fronde, sine flore,
Sine prunis, sine pomis,
Uti senex sine comis,
Calva tellus, sed benignum
Monstrat viatori signum.

Veni Wansforth-brigs, immanem
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum;
Annem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, castam, cautam;
Portas, hortos speciosos,
Portus, saltus spatiosos.

Whether *pure* these are or are not,
As I know not, so I care not;
But if they be dissembling brothers,
Their life surpasseth many others:
See but their cell, schoole, and their temple,
You'l say the stars were their exemple.

Thence to Stilton, slowly paced,
With no bloome nor blossome graced;
With no plums nor apples stored,
But bald, like an old man's forehead;
Yet with innes so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have tride it.

Thence to Wansforth-brigs, a river
And a wife will live for ever:
River broad, an old wife jolly,
Comely, seemely, free from folly;
Gates and gardens neatly gracious,
Ports and parks and pastures spacious.

Sed scribentem digitum Dei
Spectans MISERERE MEI,
Atriis, angulis, confestim,
Evitandi cura pestem,
Fugi; mori licet natus,
Nondum mori sum paratus.

Inde prato per-amœno
Dormiens temulentè fœno,
Rivus surgit & me capit,
Et in flumen altè rapit;
“ Quorsum ? ” clamant; “ Nuper erro
“ A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.”

Veni Burleigh*, licet bruma,
Sunt fornaces sine fumo,
Promptuaria sine promo,
Clara porta, clausa domo;

* Ista domus fit dasypodis dumus.

STATIUS.

Seeing there, as did become me,
Written, LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,
On the portels, I departed,
Lest I should have sorer smarted:
Though from death none may be spared,
I to dye was scarce prepared.

On a hay-cock sleeping soundly,
Th' river rose and tooke me roundly
Downe the current: people cryed,
Sleeping, down the streame I hyed:
“Where away,” quoth they, “from Greenland?”
“No; from Wansforth-brigs in England.”

Thence to Burleigh*, though 'twas winter,
No fire did the chimney enter,
Buttries without butlers guarded,
Stately gates were dooble warded;

* This house the leverets bush.

O camini* sine foco,
Et culinæ sine coquo!

Clamans, domum ô inanem!
Resonabat Ecco†, ‘famem;’
Quinam habitant intra muros?
Respirabat Ecco, ‘mures;’
Ditis omen, nomen habe;
Echo respondebat, ‘Abi.’

Veni Stamford‡, ubi bene
Omnis generis crumenæ
Sunt venales, sed in summo
Sunt crumenæ sine nummo;
Plures non in me reptantes,
Quàm sunt ibi mendicantes.

* ——— Hederæque trophæa camini.

† ——— Custos domus Ecco relictæ.

‡ Quo schola? quo præses? comites? Academica sedes?
In loculos literas transposuere suas.

Hoary chimneyes* without smooke too,
Hungry kitchins without cooke too.

Hollowing loud, ô empty wonder!
Ecco† streight resounded, 'hunger.'
Who inhabits this vast brick-house?
Ecco made reply, the 'titmouse.'
Ominous cell! No drudge at home, sir?
Ecco answer made, 'Be gone, sir.'

Thence to antient Stamford‡ came I,
Where are pencelesse purses many;
Neatly wrought as doth become them,
Lesse gold in them than is on them,
Clawbacks more doe not assaile me
Than are beggars swarming dayly.

* Ivy the chimneis trophy.

† Ecco's the keeper of a forlorne house.

‡ Where be thy masters? fellows? scholers? bursers?
O Stamford! to thy shame, they'r all turn'd pursers.

Licet curæ premant charæ,
Veni in foramen Saræ*;
Proca semel succi plena,
Lauta, læta, & serena,
At venusta fit vetusta,
Mundo gravis & onusta.

Saræ antrum ut intrassem,
Et ampullas gurgitassem †,
In amore Sara certo,
Ore basia dat aperto;
Sæpe sedet, quando surgit
Cyathum propinare urget.

* Sileni antrum, eo enim nomine egregiè notum.

† Exiccassem.

Though my cares were maine and many,
To the Hole of Sara came I *,
Once a *bona-roba*, trust me,
Though now buttock-shrunke and rustie;
But though nervy-oyle, and fat-a,
Her I caught by you know what-a.

Having boldly thus adventur'd,
And my Sara's socket enter'd,
Her I sued, suted, sorted,
Bussed, bouzed, sneesed, snorted:
Often sat she, when she got up
All her phraze was 'drink thy pot up.'

* The drunkard's cave, for so it may be call'd,
Where many malt-worms have beene soundly mall'd.

Veni Witham, audiens illam
Propter lubricam anguillam
Verè claram, nixus ramo,
Cœpi expiscari hamo;
Et ingentem capiens unam,
Præceps trahor in lacunam *.

Veni Grantham † mihi gratam,
Inclytè pyramidatam,
Ibi pastor cum uxore
Coeundi utens more,
De cubiculo descendit,
Quia Papa ibi pendet.

* Littora Mæandri sunt anxia limina Lethi,
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

† Hinc canimus mirum! non protulit insula spiram,
Talem nec notam vidimus orbe cœtem.

Thence to Witham, having red there,
That the fattest eele was bred there ;
Purposing some to intangle,
Forth I went and tooke mine angle ;
Where an huge one having hooked,
By her * headlong was I dooked.

Thence to Grantham † I retiring,
Famous for a spire aspiring,
There a pastor with his sweeting
In a chamber closely meeting,
In great fury out he flung there,
'Cause a popish picture hung there.

* Mæander's shores to Lethe's shadows tend,
Where waves sound cares, and banks imply our end.

† I may compare this towne, and be no lyar,
With any shire, for whetstones and a spire.

Oppidani timent clari
 Paulo spiram asportari,
 Scissitantes (valde mirum)
 Ubi præparent papyrum,
 Quâ maturiùs * implicetur,
 Ne portando læderetur †.

Veni New-worke †, ubi vivos
 Sperans mersos esse rivis,
 Irrui cellam subamœnam,
 Generosis vinis plenam.
 Donec lictor intrans cellam,
 Me conduxit ad flagellum.

* Structura.

† Penetretur.

† Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,
 Arcis & effusis vestit amœna comis.

Hic campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
 Fœcundare solent, ubera veris habent.

Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis.
 Valles trinæ & opimæ
 Dapes insulæ divinæ.

Here the townsmen are amated,
That their spire should be translated
Unto Paul's; and great's their labour,
How to purchase so much paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting
To secure their spire from splitting.

Thence to New-worke*, flood surrounded,
Where I hoping most were drowned:
Hand to hand I straightwayes shored
To a cellar richly stored:
Till suspected for a picklock,
Th' beedle led me to the whip-stock.

* A sandy plat a shady elme receaves,
Which cloths those turrets with her shaken leaves.

Here all along lyes Bevar's spacious vale,
Neare which the streames of fruitfull Trent doe fall.
Vallies three so fruitfull be
They'r the wealth of Britannie.

Veni Tuxworth sitam luto,
Ubi viatores, puto,
Viam viscum esse credunt,
Sedes syrtes ubi sedent ;
Thyrus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum vinum rarò vendit.

Veni Retford, pisces edi,
Et adagio locum dedi,
Cœpi statim propinare,
Ut pisciculi natare
Discant meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni Scrubie, Deus bone !
Cum Pastore & Latrone
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me fecisset doctum :
Ei nollem assidere,
Ne propinquior esset peræ.

Thence to Tuxworth, in the clay there,
Where poor travellers find such way there,
Wayes like bird-lime seeme to show them,
Seats are syrts to such as know them;
Th' ivy hangs there, long has't hong there,
Wine it never vended strong there.

Thence to Retford, fish I fed on,
And to th' adage I had red on;
With carouses I did trimme me,
That my fish might swim within me,
As they had done being living,
And i' th' river nimbly diving.

Thence to Scrubie, ô my Maker!
With a Pastor and a Taker
Day I spent, I night divided,
Thiefe did make me well provided:
My poor scrip did cause me feare him,
All night long I came not neare him.

Veni Bautree, angiportam,
In dumetis vidi scortam,
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam, & lascivam;
Sed infixi carni pœnam,
Timens miserè crumenam.

Veni Doncaster *, sed Levitam
Audiens finiisse vitam,
Sprevi Venerem, sprevi vinum,
Perditè quæ dilexi primum:
Nam cum Venus insenescit,
In me carnis vim compescit,

- * Major Causidico quo gratior esset amico,
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo:
Causidicus renuit, renuente, Patibula, dixit,
Commonstrabo tibi; *Caus.* Tuque moreris ibi.

Thence to Bautree, as I came there,
From the bushes neare the lane there
Rush'd a tweake in gesture flanting,
With a leering eye, and wanton :
But my flesh I did subdue it,
Fearing lest my purse should rue it.

Thence to Doncaster *, where reported
Lively Levit was departed :
Love I loath'd, and spritely wine too,
Which I dearely lov'd some time too;
For when youthfull Venus ageth,
She my fleshly force aswageth.

* That curt'sie might a curtesie enforce,
The Mayre would bring the Lawyer to his horse:
You shall not, quoth the Lawyer. M. Now I sweare
I'le to the gallows goe. L. I'le leave you there.
Might not this mayre, for wit a second Pale-As,
Have nam'd the town-end full as well as Gallows?

Nescit sitis artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, & liquente vena
Vincto catino* catena,
Tollens sitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum custodi.

Veni Wentbrig†, ubi plagæ
Terræ, maris, vivunt sagæ,
Vultu torto & anili,
Et conditione vili:
His infernæ manent sedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

* Viventes venæ, spinæ, catinusque catenæ,
Sunt Robin Hoodi nota trophæa sui.

† Rupe cavedia struxit inedia,
Queis oscitanter latuit accedia.

Thirst knowes neither meane nor measure,
Robin Hood's Well was my treasure;
In a common dish* enchained,
I my furious thirst restrained:
And because I drunk the deeper,
I paid two farthings to the keeper.

Thence to Wentbrig†, where vile wretches,
Hideous hags and odious witches,
Writhen count'nance, and mis-shapen,
Are by some foule Bugbeare taken:
These infernall seats inherit,
Who contract with such a spirit.

* A well, thorne, dish hung in an iron chaine,
For monuments of Robin Hood remaine.

† In a rock Want built her booth,
Where no creature dwels but Sloth.

Veni Ferribrig, vietus,
Pede lassus, mente lætus,
Ut gustassem uvam vini,
Fructum salubrem acini:
Sævior factus sum quàm aper,
Licet vini lenis sapor.

Veni Pomfrait*, ubi miram
Arcem, Anglis† regibus diram;
Laseris ortu‡ celebrandam,
Variis gestis memorandam:
Nec in Pomfrait Repens certior,
Quàm pauperculus inertior.

* Hic repetunt ortum tristissima funera regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

† Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S: : : : tuum.

‡ Latius in rupem Laser est sita dulcis arentem,
Veste nova veris floribus aucta novis.

Thence to Ferrybrig, sore wearied,
Surfoot, but in spirit cheered;
I the grape no sooner tasted
Than my melancholy wasted :
Never was wild boare more fellish,
Though the wine did smally relish.

Thence to Pomfrait*, as long since is,
Fatall to our English princes†;
For the choicest licorice‡ crowned,
And for sundry acts renowned:
A louse in Pomfrait is not surer,
Then the poor through sloth securer.

* The tragick stage of English kings stood here,
Which to their urns payes tribute with a teare.

† Here stood that fatall theatre of kings,
Which for revenge mounts up with aery wings.

‡ Here licorice grows upon their mellowed banks,
Decking the Spring with her delicious plants.

Veni Sherburne, adamandum,
Et aciculis spectandum ;
Pastor decimas cerasorum
Quærit plus quam animorum ;
Certè nescio utrum mores
An fortunæ meliores.

Veni Bramham, eò ventus,
Vidi Pedites currentes ;
Quidam auribus susurrat,
“ Crede Faustule, hic præcurret,
“ Nam probantur :” Qui narratur
Pejor, melior auspicatur.

Veni Tadcaster, ubi pontem
Sine flumine, prælucentem,
Plateas fractas, & astantes
Omni loco mendicantes
Spectans, illinc divagarer,
Ne cum illis numerarer.

Thence to Sherburne, dearely loved,
And for pinner well approved;
Cherry tenths the pastor aymeth
More than th' soules which he reclaimeth:
In an equi-page consorting
Are their manners and their fortune.

Thence to Bramham; thither comming,
I saw two Footmen stript for running;
One told me, "th' match was made to cheat them,
" Trust me, Faustulus, *this* will beat 'em,
" For we've tride them:" but that courser
He priz'd better, prov'd the worser.

Thence to Tadcaster, where stood reared
A faire bridge, where no flood appeared,
Broken pavements, beggars waiting,
Nothing more than labour hating;
But with speed I hastned from them,
Lest I should be held one of them.

Veni Eboracum, flore
Juventutis cum Textore
Fruens, conjux statim venit,
“Lupum verò auribus tenet;”
Ille clamat aperire,
Illa negat exaudire.

Sic ingressus mihi datur,
Cum Textori denegatur;
Qui dum voce importunè
Strepit, matulam urinæ
Sentit; sapientèr tacet,
Dum Betricia mecum jacet.

Ibi tibicen apprehensus,
Judicatus & suspensus,
Plaustro coaptato furi,
“Ubi Tibia?” clamant pueri.
“Nunquam ludes amplius, Billie.”
“At nescitis,” inquit ille.

Thence to Yorke, fresh youth enjoying
With a wanton weaver toying,
Husband suddenly appeares too
“ Catching of the wolfe by th’ eares too:”
He cries “ open :” something feares him,
But th’ deafe adder never heares him.

Thus my entrance was descried,
While the weaver was denied,
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a chamber-pot was crowned ;
Wisely silent he ne’re grudged
While his Betty with me lodged.

A piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn’d and titted,
As he was to Knavesmyre going,
“ This day (quoth boyes) will spoile thy blowing ;
“ From thy pipe th’ art now departing :”
“ Wags (quoth th’ piper), you’r not certaine.”

Quod contigerit memet teste,
Nam abscissa jugulo reste,
Ut in fossam Furcifer vexit,
Semi-mortuus resurrexit :
Arce reducem occludit,
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni Towlerton, Stadiodromi
Retinentes spem coronæ,
Ducunt equos ea die
Juxta tramitem notæ viæ ;
Sequens autem solitam venam,
Sprevi primum & postremum.

Veni Helperby desolatum,
Igue nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna fit intacta,
Non in cineres redacta :
Quo discessi ocyor Euro,
Restinguendi sitim cura.

All which happen'd to our wonder,
For the halter cut asunder,
As one of all life deprived
Being buried, he revived :
And there lives, and plays his measure,
Holding hanging but a pleasure.

Thence to Towlerton, where those stagers
Or horse-coursers run for wagers ;
Neare to the high way the course is,
Where they ride and run their horses ;
But still on our journey went we,
First, or last, did like content me.

Thence to Helperby I turned
Desolate and lately burned,
Not a taphouse there but mourned,
Being all to ashes turned,
Whence I swiftly did remove me
For thirst-sake, as did behove me.

Veni Topcliffe *, musicam vocans,
Et decoro ordine locans,
Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Tacitè subtraxi pedem;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad solvendum.

Veni Thyrske †, Thyrsis hortum,
Ubi Phyllis floribus sportam
Instruit, at nihil horum
Nec pastorem, neque florem

* Labentes rivi resonant sub vertice clivi,
Quæ titulum villæ primò dedere tuæ.

Alias.

Infra situm rivi saliunt sub acumine clivi,
Quo sedes civi splendida, nulla nivi.

† Thyrsis oves pascens perapricæ pascua vallis,
Prima dedit Thyrsco nomina nota suo.

Sycomori gelidis Tityrus umbris
Discumbens, Phyllidi sarta paravit,
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

Thence to Topcliffe*, musick call'd I,
In no comely posture fail'd I,
But when these expected wages,
To themselves I left my pages;
Small being th' curt'sy I could shew them,
Th' reckning I commended to them.

Thence to Thyrske †, rich Thyrsis casket,
Where faire Phyllis fills her basket
With choice flowers; but these be vaine things,
I esteeme no flowers nor swainlings;

* Topcliffe from tops of cliffs first tooke her name,
And her cliffe-mounted seat confirms the same:
Where streames with curled windings overflowne
Bestow a native beauty on the towne.

† Here Thyrsis fed his lambkins on the plaine,
So Thyrske from Thyrsis tooke her ancient name.

Here Tityrus and Phyllis made them bowers
Of tender osyers, sweet-breath'd sycomours.

Ego curo; Bacchum specto
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

Veni Alerton, ubi oves,
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
Aliaque campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora:
Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mihi autem cella forum.

Veni Smeton, perexosum
Collem quem pediculosum
Vulgò vocant, tamen mirè
Mœchæ solent lascivire,
Ad alendum debilem statum,
Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni Nesham*, Dei donum,
In Coenobiarchæ domum;

* Littora lentiscis, gemmârunt germina gemmis,
Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

In Bacchus' yard, field, booth or cottage
I love nought like his cold pottage.

Thence to Alerton, rankt in battell,
Sheepe, kine, oxen, other cattell,
As I fortun'd to passe by there
Were the towns best beautifier:
Faire for beasts at that time fell there,
But I made my fayre the celler.

Thence to Smeton, I assailed
Lowsy Hill, for so they call it,
Where were dainty ducks, and gant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons,
Which they practise, truth I'le tell ye,
For reliefe of back and bellie.

Thence to *Nesham, now translated,
Once a Nunnery dedicated;

* Where shores yeeld lenticks, branches pearled gems,
Their lamprels shells, their rocks soft mossy stems.

Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
Cursu fluminis amœnam,
Lætam sylvis & frondosam,
Heræ vultu speciosam.

Veni Darlington, prope vicum
Conjugem duxi peramicam;
Nuptiis celebrantur festa,
Nulla admittuntur mœsta;
Pocula noctis dant progressum,
Ac si nondum nuptus essem.

Veni Richmund*, sed amicos
Generosos & antiquos,
Nobiles socios, sortis miræ,
Cùm nequissem invenire,
Sepelire curas ibi,
Tota nocte mecum bibi.

* Nomen habes mundi, nec erit sine jure, secundū,
Namque situs titulum comprobat ipse tuum.

Vallies smiling, bottoms pleasing,
Streaming rivers never ceasing,
Deckt with tufty woods and shady,
Graced by a lovely lady.

Thence to Darlington, there I boused
Till at last I was espoused;
Marriage feast and all prepared,
Not a fig for th' world I cared;
All night loug by th' pot I tarried
As if I had ne're beene married.

Thence to Richmund *, heavy sentence!
There were none of my acquaintance,
All my noble cumrads gone were,
Of them all I found not one there;
But lest care should make me sicker,
I did bury care in liquor.

* From a rich mound thy appellation came,
And thy rich seat proves it a proper name.

Pœna sequi solet culpam,
Veni Redmeere ad Subulcum,
Ilia mensæ fert porcina,
Prisca nimis intestina,
Quæ ni calices abluissent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæsissent.

Veni Carperbie peravarum,
Coetu frequens, victu carum;
Septem solidorum coena
Redit levior crumena :
Nummo citiùs haurieris,
Quàm liquore ebrieris.

Veni Wenchly, valle situm,
Prisca vetustate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Pastor cum agnellis charè,
Quo effascinati more,
Dormiunt agni cum pastore.

Penance chac'd that crime of mine hard,
Thence to Redmeere to a swine-heard
Came I, where they nothing plast me
But a swine's-gut that was nastie :
Had I not then wash'd my liver,
In my guts 't had stuck for ever.

Thence to Carperbie very greedy,
Consorts frequent, victuals needy;
After supper they so tost me,
As seven shillings there it cost me:
Soone may one of coyne be soaked,
Yet for want of liquor choaked.

Thence to Wenchly, valley-seated,
For antiquity repeated;
Sheep and sheepheard as one brother
Kindly drink to one another;
Till pot-hardy light as feather
Sheep and shepheard sleep together.

Veni Middlam, ubi arcem
Vidi, & bibentès sparsim
Bonos socios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere sumpsi;
Æneis licet tincti nasis,
Fuimus custodes pacis.

Veni Ayscarth*, vertice montis,
Valles, & amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, scopulos rudes,
Campos, scirpos, & paludes
Vidi; locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.

Veni Worton, sericis cincta
Sponsa ducis, ore tincta,
Me ad cœnam blandè movet,
Licet me non unquam novit:
Veni, vidi, vici, lusi,
Cornu-copiam optans duci.

* Gurgite præcipiti sub vertice montis acuti
Specus erat spinis obsitus, intus aquis.

Thence to Middlam, where I viewed
Th' castle which so stately shewed;
Down the staires, 'tis truth I tell ye,
To a knot of brave boyes fell I;
All red-noses, no dye deeper,
Yet not one but a peace-keeper.

Thence to Ayscarth *, from a mountaine
Fruitfull vallies, pleasant fountaine,
Woolly flocks, cliffs steep and snowy,
Fields, fenns, sedgy rushes, saw I;
Which high mount is call'd the Temple,
For all prospects an exemple.

Thence to Worton; being lighted,
I was solemnly invited
By a captain's wife most vewlie,
Though, I thinke, she never knew me:
I came, call'd, coll'd, toy'd, trifled, kissed,
Captaine cornu-cap'd I wished.

* Here breaths an arched cave of antique stature,
Closed above with thorns, below with water.

Veni Bainbrig, ubi palam
Flumen deserit canalem,
Spectans, uti properarem
Ad Johannem Ancillarem,
Hospitem habui (verè mirum)
Neque fœminam, neque virum.

Veni Askrig *, notum forum,
Valdè tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet magistratum,
Oppidanum ferre statum :
Hic pauperrimi textores
Peragrestes tenent mores.

Veni Hardraw †, ubi fames,
Cautes frugis perinanes;
Nunquam vixit hic Adonis,
Ni sub thalamo Carbonis:

* Clauditur amniculus saliens fornicibus arctis,
Alluit & villæ mœnia juncta suæ.

† Labitur alveolis resonantibus amnis amœnus,
Qui tremulâ mulcet voce, sopore fove.

Thence to Bainbrig, where the river
From his channell seemes to sever :
To Maidenly John I forthwith hasted,
And his best provision tasted:
Th' hoast I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither man nor woman.

Thence to Askrig*, market noted,
But no handsomnesse about it;
Neither magistrate nor mayor
Ever were elected there:
Here poor people live by knitting,
To their trading, breeding fitting.

Thence to Hardraw †, where's hard hunger,
Barraine cliffs and clints of wonder;
Never here Adonis lived,
Unlesse in Cole's harbour hived;

* A channell strait confines a chrystall spring,
Washing the wals o' th' village neighbouring.

† A shallow rill, whose streames their current keep,
With murm'ring voyce and pace procure sweet sleep.

Diversoria sunt obscœna,
Fimo foeda, fumo plena.

Veni Gastile, ubi cellam,
Cellam sitam ad sacellum
Intrans, bibi *stingo* fortem,
Habens lanium in consortem,
Et pastorem * parvæ gregis,
Rudem moris, artis, legis.

Veni Sedbergh†, sedem quondam
Lautam, lætam, & jocundam,
Sed mutatur mundus totus,
Vix in anno unus potus :
Ibi propriæ prope lari
Non audebam vulpinari.

* Quota est hora? Refert. Solem speculando respondet.
Ecce sacerdotes quos tua terra parit!

† Prospicies thyrsus sinuosiùs arte rotundum,
Organa quò cerebri mersa fuere mei.

Ins are nasty, dusty, fustie,
Both with smoake and rubbish mustie.

Thence to Gastile, I was drawne in
To an alehouse, neare adjoining
To a chappell; I drunk stingo
With a butcher and Domingo
Th' curat *, who to my discerning
Was not guilty of much learning.

Thence to Sedbergh †, sometimes joy-all,
Gamesome, gladsome, richly royall;
But those jolly boyes are sunken,
Now scarce once a yeare one drunken:
There I durst not well be merry,
Farre from home old foxes werry.

* I askt him, what's a-clock? He look'd at th' sun,
But want of Latin made him answer—Mum.

† Here grows a bush in artfull mazes round,
Where th' active organs of my braine were drown'd.

Veni Killington*, editum collem,
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parùm hærens,
Semper altiora sperans,
Hisce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale.

Veni Kendall, ubi status
Præstans, prudens magistratus †,
Publicis festis purpuratus,
Ab Elizabetha datus;
Hîc me juvat habitare,
Propinare & amare.

* Arboribus gelidam texens Coriarius umbram,
Æstatem atque hyemem fronde repelle gravem.

† Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,
Major fiet aldermannus.

FINIS.

Thence to Killington* I passed,
Where an hill is freely grassed;
There I staid not tho' halfe-tyred,
Higher still my thoughts aspired:
Taking leave of mountains many,
To my native country came I.

Thence to Kendall, pure her state is,
Prudent too her magistrate is;
In whose charter to them granted,
Nothing but a mayor † wanted:
Here it likes me to bee dwelling,
Bousing, loving, stories telling.

* Here the retyred Tanner builds him bowrs,
Shrowds him from summer's heat and winter's showrs.

† Now Saturn's yeare has drench'd down care,
And made an alderman a mayre.

FINIS.

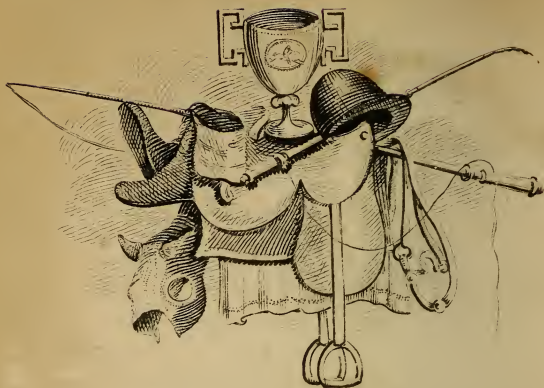
BARNABÆ
ITINERARIUM.

PARS QUARTA.

AUTHORE CORYMBŒO.

Si vitulum spectes, nihil est quod pocula laudes.





BARNABEE'S
JOURNAL.

THE FOURTH PART.

By CORYMBÆUS.

If thou doest love thy flock, leave off to pot.

BARNABÆ ITINERARIUM.

ITINERIS BOREALIS

PARS QUARTA.

MIRTIL. O FAUSTULE, dic quo jure
Spreta urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos consortes,
Genio faustos, gurgite fortes,
Reliquisti, socios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes siti?

Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roscidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic sodali,
Urbi longum dicere vale?

BARNABEE'S JOURNALL.

HIS NORTHERNE JOURNEY :

THE FOURTH PART.

MIRTIL. O FAUSTULUS, takest no pitty
 For the field to leave the city?
 Nor thy consorts, lively skinkers,
 Witty wags, and lusty drinkers;
 Lads of life, who wash their liver,
 And are dry and thirsty ever?

Wilt thou here no longer tarrie
 With these boyes that love Canarie?
 Wilt thou leave these nectar trenches,
 Dainty doxes, merry wenches?
 Say, what makes thee change thy ditty,
 Thus to take farewell o' th' city?

FAUSTUL. "Quid me movet?" Nonne cernis
Me tamdiu in tabernis
Propinasse, donec mille
Clamant, "Ecce Faustulus ille,
"Qui per orbem ducens iter,
"Titulo Ebrii insignitur!

"Qui natali bibit more
"Ortu roseæ ab Auroræ
"Usque vespram, & pudorem
"Vultus, quæstus & odorem
"Sprevit!" Audi culpæ pœnam,
Scenam Faustuli extremam.

Vale Banbery, vale Brackley,
Vale Hollow-well, vale Hockley,
Vale Daintre, vale Leister,
Vale Chichester, vale Chester,
Vale Nottingham, vale Mansfield,
Vale Wetherbe, vale Tanfield,

FAUSTUL. "What is't makes me?" Dost not note it.
How I have i' th' tavern floted,
Till a thousand seeke to shame me,
"There goes Faustulus," so they name me,
"Who through all the world traced,
"And with stile of Maltworme graced ;

"Who carouseth to his breeding
"From Aurora's beamelins spreding
"To the ev'ning, and despiseth
"Favour, thrift which each man prizeth !"
Now heare Faustulus melancholly,
The clozing scene of all his folly.

Farewell Banbery, farewell Brackley,
Farewell Hollow-well, farewell Hockley,
Farewell Daintre, farewell Leister,
Farewell Chichester, farewell Chester,
Farewell Nottingham, farewell Mansfield,
Farewell Wetherbe, farewell Tanfield.

Vale Aberford, vale Bradford,
Vale Tosseter, vale Stratford,
Vale Preston, vale Euxston,
Vale Wiggin, vale Newton,
Vale Warrington, vale Budworth,
Vale Kighley, vale Cudworth.

Vale Hogsdon, vale Totnam,
Vale Giggleswick, vale Gottam,
Vale Harrington, vale Stilton,
Vale Huntington, vale Milton,
Vale Roiston, vale Puckridge,
Vale Caxston, vale Cambridge.

Vale Ware, vale Wademill,
Vale Highgate, vale Gadshill,
Vale Stamford, vale Sautree,
Vale Scrubie, vale Bautree,
Vale Castrum subter Linum,
Ubi vates, Venus, vinum.

Farewell Aberford, farewell Bradford,
Farewell Tosseter, farewell Stratford,
Farewell Preston, farewell Euxston,
Farewell Wiggin, farewell Newton,
Farewell Warrington, farewell Budworth,
Farewell Kighley, farewell Cudworth.

Farewell Hogsdon, farewell Totnam,
Farewell Giggleswick, farewell Gottam,
Farewell Harrington, farewell Stilton,
Farewell Huntington, farewell Milton,
Farewell Roiston, farewell Puckridge,
Farewell Caxston, farewell Cambridge.

Farewell Ware, farewell Wademill,
Farewell Highgate, farewell Gadshill,
Farewell Stamford, farewell Sautree,
Farewell Scrubie, farewell Bautree,
Farewell Castle under Line too,
Where are poets, wenches, wine too.

Vale Tauk-hill, quem conspexi,
Lemnia Lydia, quam dilexi,
Arduæ viæ quas transivi,
Et amiculæ queis cöivi;
Faber, Taber, sociæ lætæ,
Et convivæ vos valete.

Nunc longinquos locos odi,
Vale fons Roberti Hoodi,
Vale Rosington, vale Retford,
Et antiqua sedes Bedford;
Vale Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill.

Vale Waltham, & Oswaldi
Sedes, sidus Theobaldi;
Vale Godmanchester, ubi
Mens elusa fuit nube;
Vale Kingsland, Islington, London*,
Quam amavi perditè quondam.

* ——— Ista Novæ mea nænia Trojæ.
Nunc Novæ longum valedico Trojæ,

Lætæ

Farewell Tauk-hill, which I viewed,
Lemnian Lydia, whom I sewed;
Steepy wayes by which I waded,
And those trugs with which I traded;
Faber, Taber, pensive never,
Farewell merry mates for ever.

Now I hate all forraine places,
Robin Hood's Well and his chaces;
Farewell Rosington, farewell Retford,
And thou antient seat of Bedford;
Farewell Dunchurch, Dunstable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill.

Farewell Waltham, seat of Oswald,
That bright princely starre of The'bald :
Farewell Godmanchester, where I
Was deluded by a fairy ;
Farewell Kingsland, Islington, London*,
Which I lov'd, and by it undon.

* ——— These be my New Troyes dying elegies.
Now to that New Troy bid adue for ever,

Vale Buntingford, ubi suaves
Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
Hospes grata & benigna,
Et amoris præbens signa;
Aliò juvat spatium,
Pasce, pati, recreari.

Vale Stone, & Sacellum
Quod splendentem habet Stellam;
Vale Haywood, Bruarton, Ridglay,
Lichfield, Coventre, Colesyl, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, & amœni
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.

Læta quæ flori, gravis est senectæ,
Vina, picturæ, Veneris facetæ,
Cuncta valete.
Sin verò conjux, famuli, sorores,
Liberi, suaves laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores:
Cuncta venite.

Farewell Buntingford, where are thrushes,
Sweet briers, shred vines, privet bushes;
Hostesse cheerefull, mildly moving,
Giving tokens of her loving;
I must in another nation
Take my fill of recreation.

Farewell pretious Stone, and Chappell
Where Stella shines more fresh than th' apple:
Farewell Haywood, Bruarton, Ridglay,
Lichfield, Coventre, Colesyl, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, farewell cleene-a
Meedes and mates of George a Greene-a.

Wine, Venus, pictures, can allure me never,
These are youth's darlings, age's hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.
Farewell for ever, see you will I never;
Yet if wife, children, meney hurry thether,
Where we may plant and solace us together,
Welcome for ever.

Vale Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-work, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beckensfield, & Oxford,
Geniis & ingeniis bonis
Satur, opibus Platonis.

Sprevi nunc textoris acum,
Vale, vale Eboracum,
Alio nunc victurus more,
Mutans mores cum colore*;
Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
Sacram violare fidem.

* Insessit hyems niveis capillis,
Insessit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
Urbe relictâ rustica vertes.

Conspicui vates repetendo Cupidinis æstus,
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut senuere, procis.

Farewell Clowne, Doncaster, Rothram,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-worke, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Bekensfield, and Oxford,
Richly stor'd (I am no Gnatho,)
With wit, wealth, worth, well of Plato.

Farewell Yorke, I must forsake thee,
Weavers shuttle shall not take mee :
Hoary* hayres are come upon me,
Youthfull pranks will not become me ;
Th' bed to which I'm reconciled
Shall be by me ne're defiled.

* Winter has now behoar'd my haire,
Benumm'd my joynts and sinewes too ;
Phyllis for verses little cares,
Leave ity then, to th' country go.

Poets, when they have writ of love their fill,
Growne old, are scorn'd, though fancy crowne their quill.

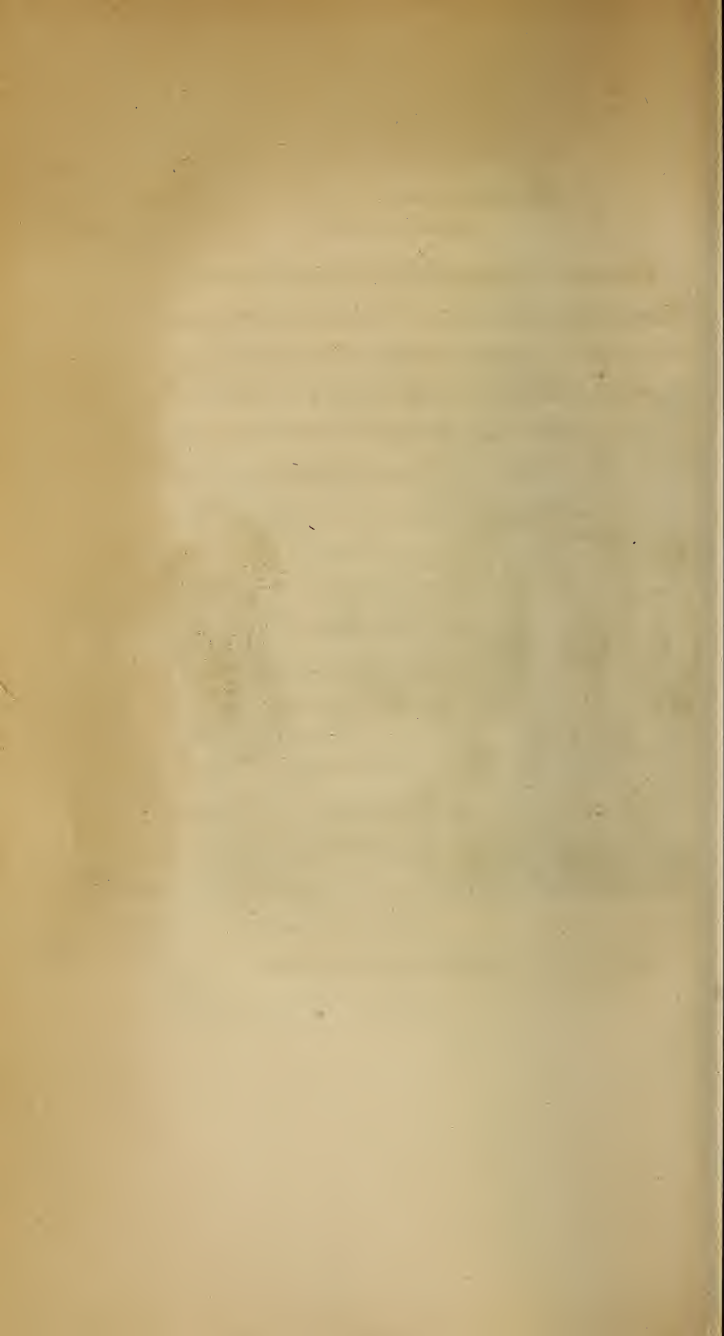
Vale Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburne,
Ferry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperbe, Merburne,
Vale Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchely, Smeton, Burton :
Vale Ayscarth, Carperbe, Redmeere,
Gastyle, Killington, & Sedbergh.

Armentarius jam sum factus,
Rure manens incoactus :
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parùm curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, sylva, foro.

EQUESTRIA FORA.

Veni Malton, artem laudo,
Vendens equum sine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cæcum,
Fortè si maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur;
Quid si statim moriatur?





Farewell Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburne,
Ferry-brig, Tadcaster, Helperbe, Merburne,
Farewell Bainebrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeton, Burton,
Farewell Ayscarth, Carperbe, Redmeere,
Gastyle, Killington, and Sedbergh.

I am now become a drover,
Countrey-liver, countrey-lover,
Smell of gaine my sense benummeth,
Little care I whence it commeth,
Be't from campe, chore, cottage, carpet,
Field, fold, cellar, forrest, market.

HORSE-FAIRES.

To Malton come I, praising th' saile, sir,
Of an horse without a taile, sir ;
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diseased,
If I sell him, I'm well pleased ;
Should this javell dye next morrow,
I partake not in his sorrow.

Ad forensem Rippon tendo,
Equi si sint cari, vendo,
Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi a me erunt empti:
“ Ut alacrior fiat ille,
“ Ilia mordicant anguillæ.”

SEPTENTRIONALIA FORA.

Veni Pomfrait, uberem venam,
Virgis laserpitiis* plenam;
Veni Topcliffe cum sodali,
Non ad vinum sed venale;
Veni Thyrsk, ubi boves
Sunt venales pinguiôres.

Veni Allerton, lætam, latam,
Mercatori perquàm gratam,

* Virgulta laseris florent amœnula,
In hac angelicâ latiùs insulâ.

Vide lib. 3. stanz. 48.

Then to Rippon, I appeare there
To sell horse if they be deare there;
If good cheape, I use to buy them,
And i' th' country profit by them;
“Where to quicken them, I’le tell ye,
“I put quick eeles in their bellie.”

NORTHERNE FAIRES.

Thence to Pomfrait, freshly flowred,
And with rods of licorice* stored;
Thence to Topcliffe with my fellow,
Not to bouze wine, but to sell-lo;
Thence to Thyrsk, where bullocks grazed
Are for sale i' th' market placed.

Thence to Allerton, cheerefull, fruitfull,
To the seller very gratefull,

* Rods of licorice sweetly smile
In that rich angelick i’le.

See book 3. stanza 48.

In utiliorem actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum :
Veni Darlington, servans leges
In custodiendo greges.

Inde Middlam cursum flecto,
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæstus sapiens odorem ;
“Nulla via, modò vera,
“Est ad bonos mores sera.”

TRA-MONTANA FORA,

Hisce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, Septentrionem
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiore frui sede :
Asperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.

There to chuse a place I'm chariest,
Where my beasts may shew the fairest :
Thence to Darlington, never swarving
From our drove-lawes, worth observing.

Thence to Middlam am I aiming
In a direct course of gaining ;
I refuse no kind of labour,
Where I smell some gainfull savour :
"No way, be it ne're the homeliest,
"Is rejected, being honest."

TRA-MONTANE FAIRES.

In these faires if I finde nothing
Worthy staying, I'm no slow thing ;
To the North frame I my passage,
Wing'd with hope of more advantage :
Ragged rocks, and steepy hillows,
Are by gaine more soft than pillows.

Veni Applebie, ubi natus,
Primam sedem comitatus;
Illinc Penrith speciosam,
Omni merce copiosam;
Illinc Roslay, ubi tota
Grege à gente venit Scota.

Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni Ravinglasse antiquam;
Illinc Dalton peramoenum;
Hinc Oustonum fruge plenum:
Donec Hauxide specto sensim;
Illinc sedem Lancastrensem.

Veni Garestang, ubi nata
Sunt armenta fronte latâ.
Hinc ad Ingleforth ut descendi,
Pulchri vituli sunt emendi.
Illinc Burton limina peto,
Grege lautâ, fronde lætâ.

Thence to native Applebie mount I,
Th' antient seat of all that county;
Thence to pearelesse Penrith went I,
Which of merchandize hath plenty;
Thence to Roslay, where our lot is
To commerce with people Scottish.

By a passage crooktly tending
Thence to Ravinglasse I'm bending:
Thence to Dalton most delightfull;
Thence to oaten Ouston fruitfull;
Thence to Hauxides marish pasture;
Thence to th' seat of old Lancaster.

Thence to Garestang, where are feeding
Heards with large fronts freely breeding.
Thence to Ingleforth I descended,
Where choice bull-calves will be vended.
Thence to Burton's boundiers passe I,
Faire in flocks, in pastures grassie.

Veni Hornebie, sedem claram,
“Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;”
Cœca-sacra fames auri
Me consortem fecit tauri :
Sprevi Veneris amorem,
“Lucrum summum dat odorem.”

Veni Lonesdale, venientem
Laticem socii præpotentem
Haurientes, hæsitantes,
Fluctuantes, titubantes,
Allicerent (narro verum),
Sed non sum qui semel eram.

Me ad limen trahunt Orci,
Uti lutum petunt porci,
Aut ad vomitum fertur canis :
Sed intentio fit inanis ;
Oculis clausis hos consortes
Præterire didici mortis.

Thence to Hornebie, seat renowned,
“Thus with gaine are worldlings drowned ;”
Secret-sacred thirst of treasure
Makes my bullocks my best pleasure :
Should Love wooe me, I'd not have her,
“It is gaine yelds sweetest savour.”

Thence to Lonesdale, where were at it
Boyes that scorn'd quart-ale by statute,
Till they stagger'd, stammer'd, stumbled,
Railed, reeled, rowled, tumbled ;
Musing I should be so stranged,
I resolv'd them, I was changed.

To the sinke of sin they drew me,
Where like hogs in mire they tew me,
Or like dogs unto their vomit :
But their purpose I o'ercommmed ;
With shut eyes I flung in anger
From those mates of death and danger.

MIRTIL. Miror, Faustule, miror verè,
Bacchi te clientem heri,
Spreto genio jucundo,
Mentem immersisse mundo :
Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
Semper eris mundo civis ?

FAUSTUL. Erras, Mirtile, si me credas
Nunquam Bacchi petere sedes ;
Thyrsus vinctus erit collo,
“ Semel in anno ridet Apollo ;”
Pellens animi dolores,
Mutem crines, nunquam mores.

Socios habeo verè gratos,
Oppidanos propè natos,
Intra, extra, circa muros,
Qui mordaces tollunt curas :

MIRTIL. Surely, Faustulus, I doe wonder
How thou, who so long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice wits resounded,
Shouldst be thus i'th' world drowned.
What do'st? where liv'st? in briefe deliver.
Wilt thou be a worldling ever?

FAUSTUL. Thouerr'st, Mirtilus, so doe mo too,
If thou think'st I never goe to
Bacchus temple, which I follow:
"Once a yeare laughs wise Apollo;"
Where I drench griefes, sleight physitians,
Hayre I change, but no conditions.

Cheerefull cumrades have I by me,
Townsmen that doe neighbour ny me;
Within, without, where ere I rest me,
Carking cares doe ne're molest me:

Hisce juvat sociari,
Et apricis* spatiari.

Nunc ad Richmund, primo flore,
Nunc ad Nesham cum uxore,
Læto cursu properamus,
Et amamur & amamus :
Pollent floribus ambulachra,
Vera veris simulachra.

Nunc ad Ashton invitato
Ab amico & cognato,
Dant hospitium abditæ cellæ,
Radiantes orbis stellæ :
Mensa, mera, omnia plena,
Grata fronte & serena.

* Sic per apricos spatiari locos
Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
Anxiam curis, studiisque gravem.

With these I please to consort me,
And in open fields* to sport me.

Now to Richmund, when spring's comming,
Now to Nesham with my woman;
With free course we both approve it,
Where we love, and are beloved;
Here fields flower with freshest creatures
Representing Flora's features.

Now to Ashton I'm invited
By my friend and kinsman cited;
Secret cellars entertaine me,
Beauteous-beaming stars inflame me;
Meat, mirth, musick, wines are there full,
With a count'nance blith and cherefull.

* Thus through the faire fields, when I have best leasure,
Diapred richly, doe I take my pleasure,
To cheere my studies with a pleasing measure.

Nunc ad Cowbrow, ubi lætus,
Unâ mente confluit coetus,
Nescit locus lachrymare,
Noscit hospes osculari,
Facit in amoris testem
Anser vel gallina festum.

Nunc ad Natland, ubi florem
Convivalem & pastorem
Specto; spiro ora rosea,
A queis nectar et ambrosea:
Castitatis autem curæ
Me intactum servant rure.

Nunc ad Kirkland, & de eo
“Prope templo, procul Deo,”
Dici potest, spectent templum,
Sacerdotis & exemplum,
Audient tamen citiùs sonum
Tibíæ quàm concionem.

Now to Cowbrow, quickly thither
Jovial boyes doe flock together ;
In which place all sorrow lost is
Guests know how to kisse their hostesse ;
Nought but love doth border neare it,
Goose or hen will witnesse beare it.

Now to Natland, where choice beauty
And a shepheard doe salute me ;
Lips I relish richly roseack,
Purely nectar and ambroseack ;
But I'm chaste, as doth become me,
For the countreys eyes are on me.

Now to Kirkland, truly by it
May that say' be verified,
“ Far from God, but neare the temple,”
Though their pastor give exemple :
They are such a kind of vermin,
Pipe they'd rather heare than sermon.

Nunc ad Kendal, propter pannum*;
Coetum, situm, aldermannum†,
Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
Et viginti quatuor fratres,
Verè clarum & beatum,
Mihi nactum, notum, natum.

Ubi dicam (pace vestra)
Tectum mittitur è fenestra;
Cura lucri, cura fori,
Saltant cum Johanne Dori:
Sancti fratres cum poeta,
Læta canunt & faceta.

* Lanificii gloria, & industria ita præcellens, ut eo nomine sit celeberrimum. CAMB. IN BRIT.

Pannus mihi panis. *Mot.*

† Nomine major eas, nec sis minor omine sedis,
Competat ut titulo civica vita novo.

Now to Kendal, for cloth-making*,
Sight, site, alderman† awaking;
Beauteous damsels, modest mothers,
And her foure and twenty brothers,
Ever in her honour spreading,
Where I had my native breeding.

Where, I'le tell you (while none mind us),
We throw th' house quite out at windows;
Nought makes them or me ought sorry,
They dance lively with John Dori:
Holy brethren with their poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

* A towne so highly renounced for her commodious
cloathing, and industrious trading, as her name is be-
come famous in that kind. CAME. IN BRIT.

Cloth is my bread. *Mot.*

† Now hast thou chang'd thy title unto may're,
Let life, state, style, improve thy charter there.

Nunc ad Staveley, ubi aves
Melos, modos cantant suaves,
Sub arbustis & virgultis
Molliore musco fultis.
Cellis, sylvis, & tabernis,
An fœliciozem cernis ?

MIRTIL. Esto, Faustule! recumbe,
Rure tuo carmina funde ;
Vive, vale, profice, cresce,
Arethusæ alma messe ;
Tibi Zephyrus sub fago
Dulciter afflet.

FAUST. Gratias ago.

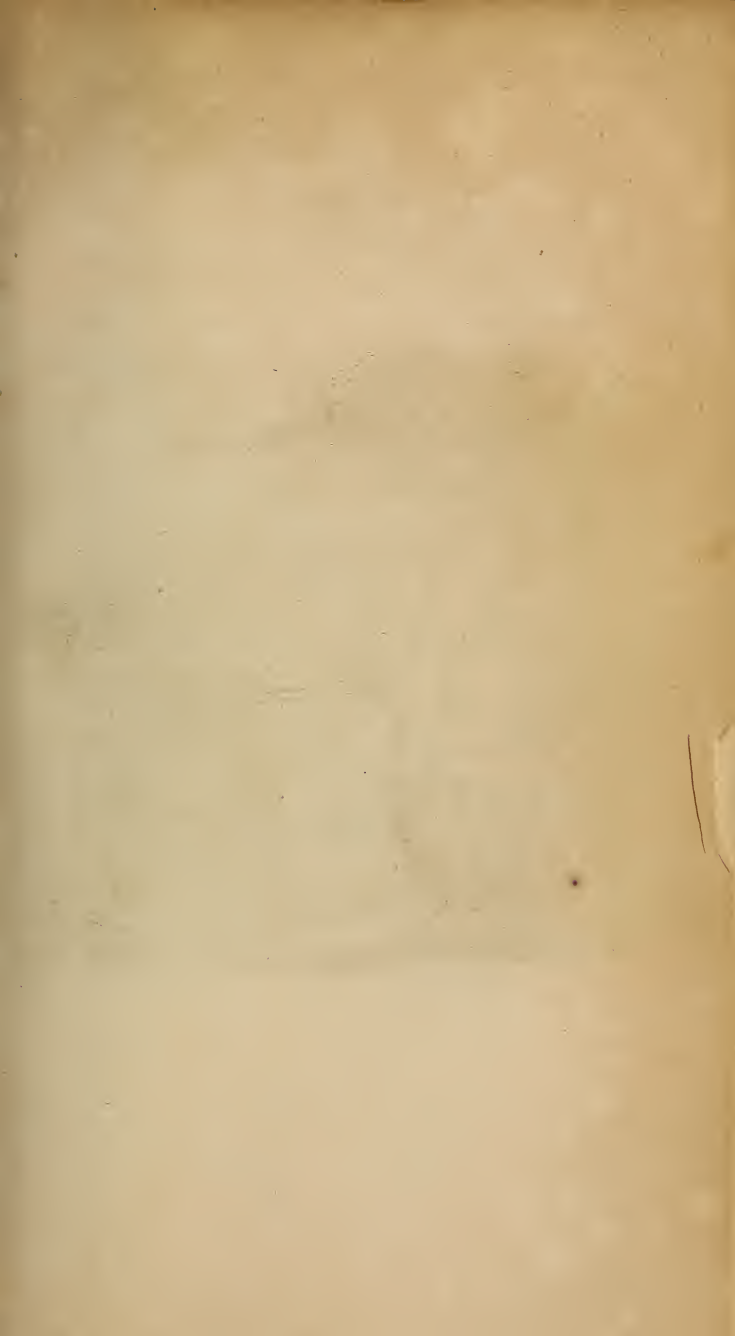
Now to Staveley, streight repaire I
Where sweet birds doe hatch their airy,
Arbours, osyers freshly showing
With soft mossie rinde o'regrowing :
For woods, ayre, ale, all excelling,
Would'st thou have a neater dwelling ?

MIRTIL. Bee'tso, Faustulus! there repose thee,
Cheere thy country with thy posie ;
Live, fare-well, as thou deservest,
Rich in Arethusa's harvest :
Under th' beech, while shepheards ranke thee,
Zephyrus blesse thee.

FAUST. I doe thanke thee.

Aurea rure mihi sunt secula pocula Tmoli.

Fruges adde Ceres, & frugibus adde racemos,
Vitibus & vates, vatibus adde dies.





Here in the countrey live I with my page,
Where Tmolus cups I make my golden age.

Ceres send corne, with corne adde grapes unto it,
Poet to wine, and long life to the poet.

IN ERRATA.

Lector, ne mireris illa,
 Villam si mutavi villa,
 Si regressum feci metro,
 Retro ante, ante retro
 Inserendo, "ut præpono
 Godmanchester Haringtono."

Quid si breves fiant longi?
 Si vocales sint diphthongi?
 Quid si graves sint acuti?
 Si accentus fiant muti?
 Quid si placidè, plenè, planè,
 Fregi frontem Prisciani?

Quid si sedem muto sede?
 Quid si carmen claudio pede?
 Quid si noctem sensi diem?
 Quid si veprem esse viam?
 Sat est, verbum declinavi,
 "Titubo-titubas-titubavi."

FINIS.

UPON THE ERRATA'S.

Reader, thinke no wonder by it,
 If with towne I've towne supplied,
 If my meeters backward nature
 Set before what should be later,
 "As for instance is exprest there,
 Harrington after Godmanchester."

What though briefes too be made longo's?
 What tho' vowels be diphthongo's?
 What tho' graves become acute too?
 What tho' accents become mute too?
 What tho' freely, fully, plainly,
 I've broke Priscian's forehead mainly?

What tho' seat with seat I've strained?
 What tho' my limpe-verse be maimed?
 What tho' night I've ta'ne for day too?
 What tho' I've made bryers my way too?
 Know ye, I've declin'd most bravely,
 "*Titubo-titubas-titubavi.*"

FINIS.

AD PHILOXENUM.

Te viatores lepidi patronum,
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,
Vatis & vitis roseæ corymbum,
Artis alumum.

Te tuus vates Lyricis salutat,
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,
Nec nova venti levitate nutat,
Fidus ad aras.

TO PHILOXENUS.

Thee, pleasing way-mates titled have their patron,

Their countrey's glory, which they build their state on,

The poets wine-bush, which they use to prate on,
Arts mery minion.

In Lyrick measures doth thy bard salute thee,

Who with a constant resolution suits thee,

Nor can ought move me to remove me from thee,
But my religion.

BESSIE BELL:

Cantio Latinè versa, alternis Vicibus,
modernis Vocibus decantanda.

AUTHORE CORYMBŒO.

BESSIE BELL:

ENGLISHED;

To be sung in alterne Courses and
moderne Voyces.

By CORYMBŒUS.

BESSIE BELL.

DAMÆTAS. ELIZA-BELLA.

1.

DAM. BELLULA Bella, mî puella,
Tu me corde tenes,
O si clausâ simus cellâ
Mars & Lemnia Venus !
Tanti mî es, quanti tua res,
Ne spectes Bellula mundum,
Non locus est cui crimen obest
In amoribus ad cœeundum.

BESSIE BELL.

DAMÆTAS. BESSY BELL.

1.

DAM. MY bonny Bell, I love thee so well,
I would thou wad scud alang hether,
That we might here in a cellar dwell,
And blend our bows together !
Deere art' to me as thy geere's to thee,
The warld will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's spies have no eyes to detect us.

2.

BEL. Crede, Damætas, non sinit ætas
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Curâ & carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

3.

DAM. Virginis vita fit inimica
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In orbe sita ne sis invita
Sponsa nitidula coli.
Aspice vultum numine cultum,
Flore, colore jucundum,
Hîc locus est, nam lucus adest
In amoribus ad cœeundum.

2.

BELL. Trust me, Damætas, youth will not let us
Yet to be cing'd with Love's taper,
Bonny blith swainlin intend thy lamkin,
To requite both thy layes and thy labour.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
The yoake I cannot approve it,
Then lye still with one, I'de rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

3.

DAM. To lead apes in hell, it will not dowell,
'Tis an enemy to procreation,
In the world to tarry and never to marry
Would bring it soone to desolation.
See my count'nance is merry, cheeks red as chery,
This cover will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's spyes have no eyes to detect us.

4.

BEL. Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,
Volo, sed nolo fateri,
Expedit mari lenocinari,
At libet ista tacere.
Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

5.

DAM. Candida Bella, splendida stella,
Languida lumina cerne,
Emitte mella, Eliza-Bella,
Lentula tædia sperne.
Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
Jungamus ora per undam,
Nam locus est cui crimén abest
In amoribus ad cõeundum.

4.

BELL. 'Las, maidens must faine it, I love
though I laine it,
I would, but I will not confesse it,
My yeares are consorting, and faine would bee
sporting,
But bashfulnesse shames to expresse it.
I love not thee, why should'st thou love me?
That yoake I cannot approve it,
Then lye still with one, I'de rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

5.

DAM. My beauteous Bell, who stars doest excel,
See mine eyes never dries, but do weat me,
Some comfort unbuckle, my sweet honeysuckle,
Come away, doe not stay, I intreat thee.
Delay would undoe me, hye quickly unto me,
This river will never suspect us,
This place it is private, 'tis folly to drive it,
Love's spyes have no eies to detect us.

6.

BEL. Perge, Damætas, nunc prurit ætas,
Me nudam accipe solam,
Demitte pecus si Bellam petas,
Exue virginis stolam.
Sic amo te, si tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur suavi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Et amo, & amor, & amavi.

6.

BEL. Come on, Damætas, ripe age doth fit us,
Take aside thy nak't bride and enjoy her,
So thou coll thy sweeting, let flocks fall a bleet-
ing,

My maids weed on thy meed I'le bestow there.
Thus love I thee, so be thou love me,
The yoake is so sweet I approve it,
To lye still with one, is better than none,
I doe love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

Good reader, if this impression have errors in it, excuse it: the copy was obscure; neither was the Author, by reason of his distance and imployments of higher consequence, made acquainted with the publishing of it.

His Patavinus erravit prelis,
Authorem suis lacerando telis.

PHILANDER.

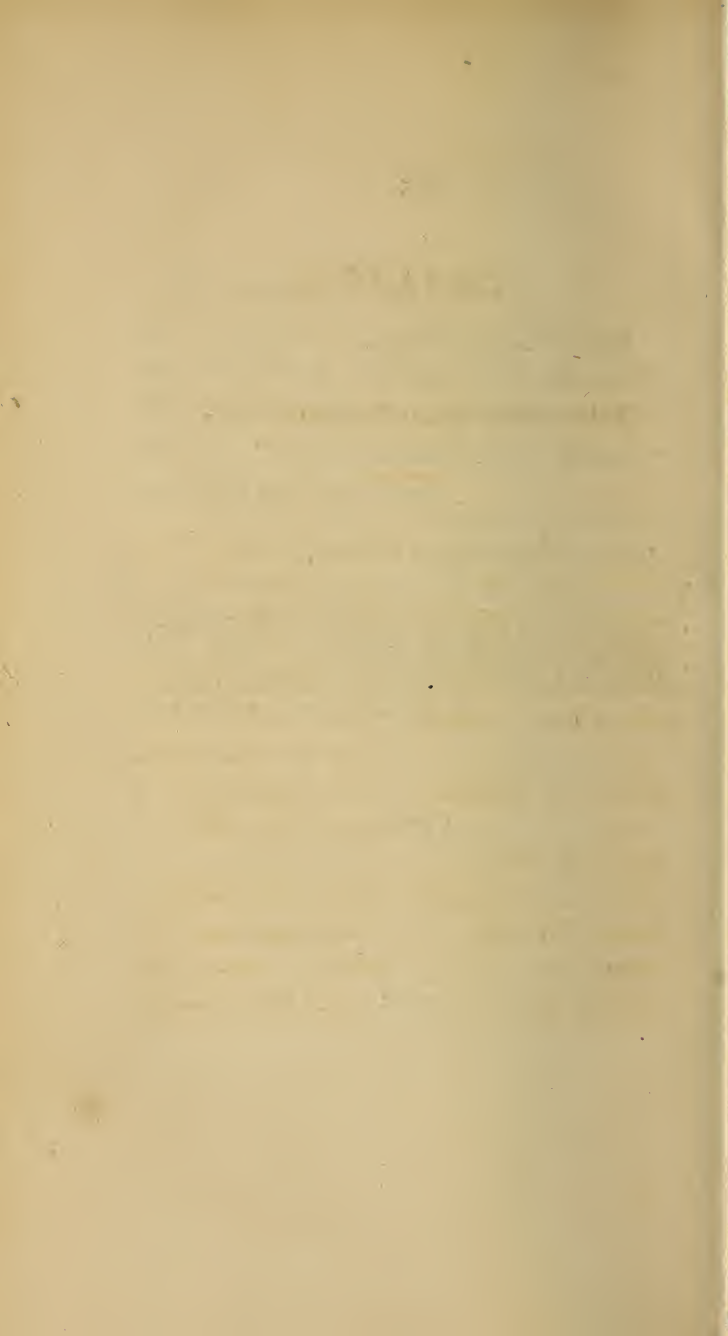
ERRATA.

Inter Barnabæ errores,
 Hi mutârunt preli mores :
 “ Delirans iste sapiens Gottam
 “ Reddit Coetum propter Cotem.”

Tertia parte, vide Grantham.

Amongst other faults in print,
 You shall find this error in't,
 “ Did not that sage of Gottam strangely faile,
 “ Who for a Whetstone render'd him a Whale?”
 In the third part, see Grantham.

FINIS.



AN INDEX

OF

THE MEN, PLACES, SIGNS, &c.

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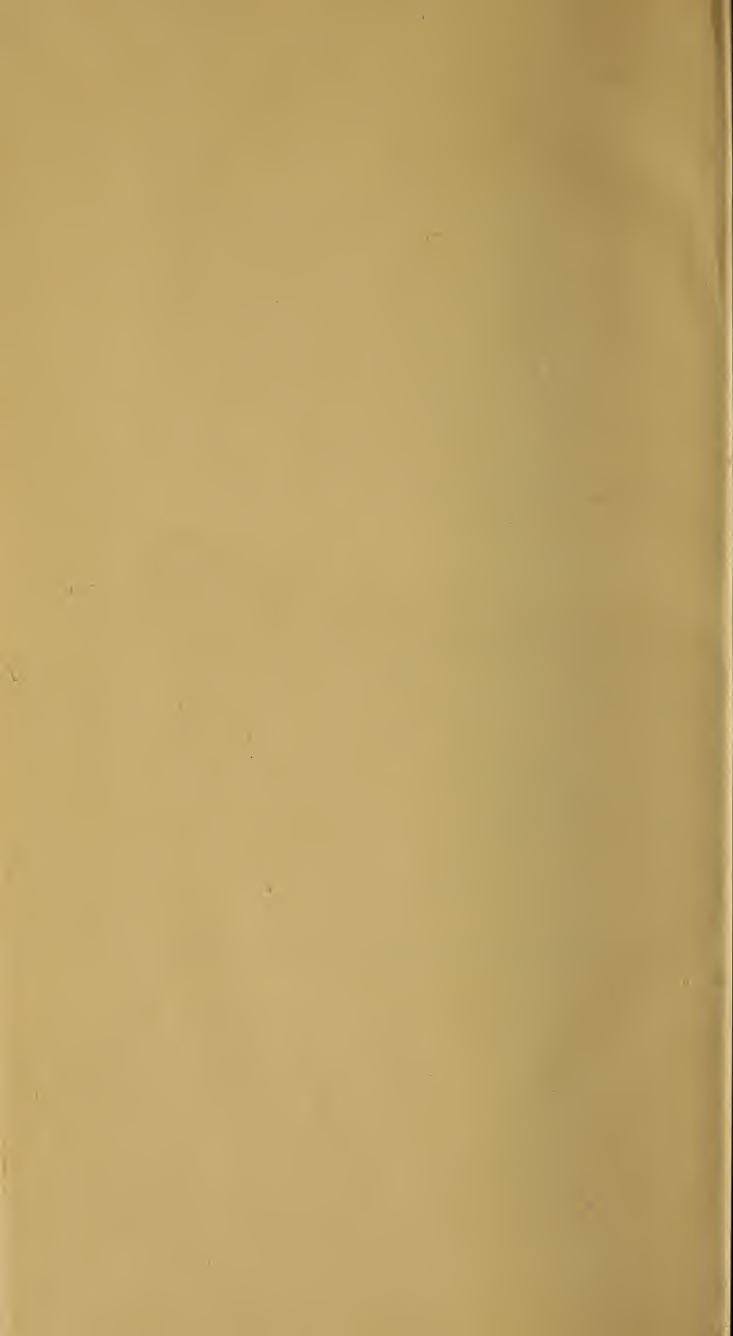
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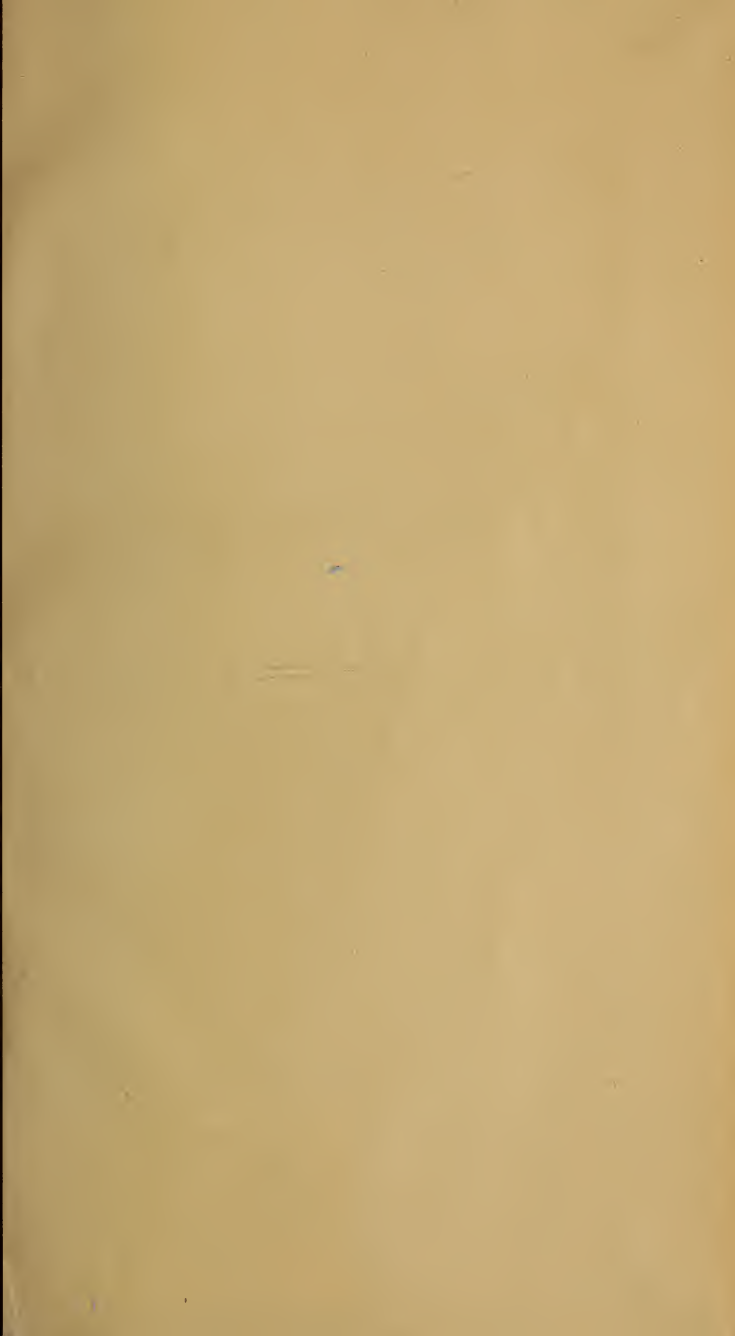
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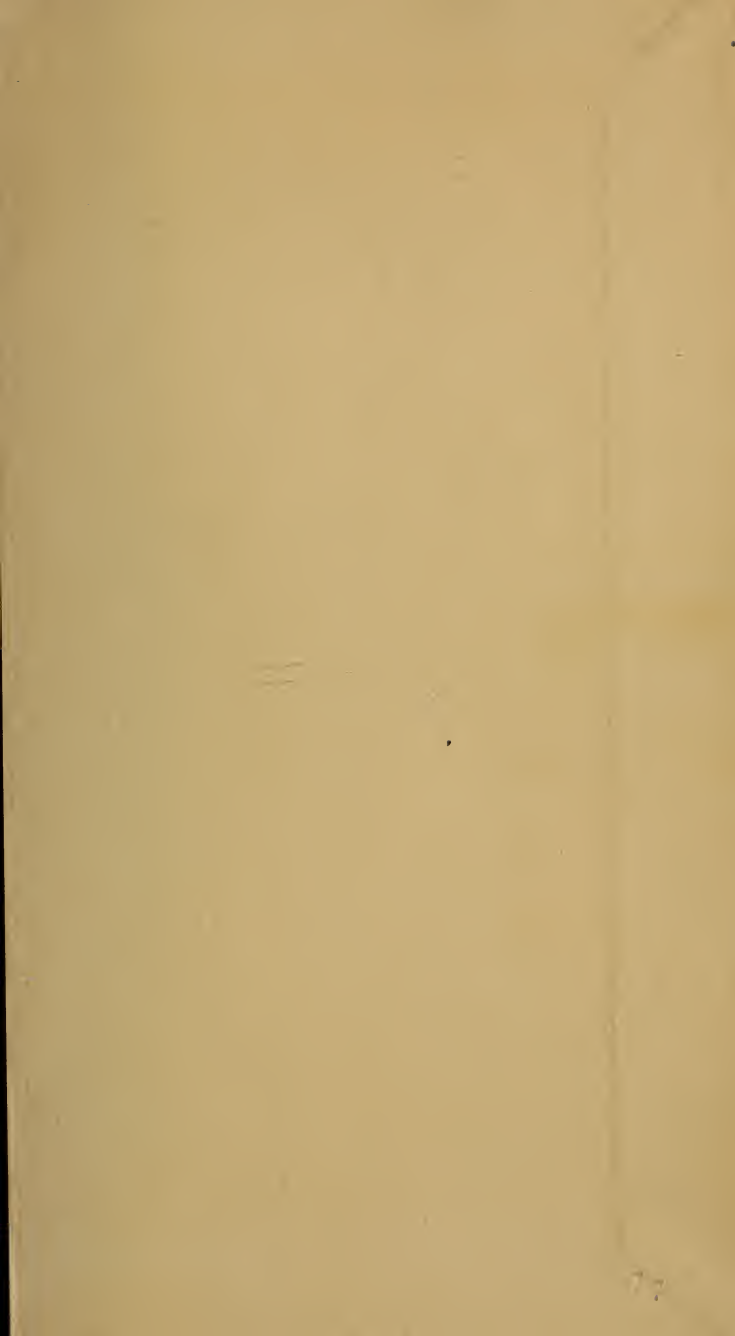


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